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THE SCHOOLS

Sociologists and critics have different standards

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INDONESIA: A DISSENT

Sidney Lens

JAZZ AND RACE

Nat Hentoff

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Seminaries

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: A recent letter from three seminarians at St. Mary of the Lake Seminary [Dec. 11] ended with the question: "What, again, after all has been said, is the seminarian to do?" I think that I can speak with some familiarity on this subject. I attended St. Mary of the Lake Seminary during the years 1942-51; then I was a parish priest for seven years before being appointed to the faculty of Quigley Preparatory Seminary. In these latter years I have been able to continue my studies in three universities. Out of this background I suggest an answer to the question posed by your three correspondents.

To begin with, seminarians at Mundelein should take advantage of the opportunities for study and reflection which their seminary offers. A capable and dedicated faculty, a superb library, privacy, and time to think: these are the resources which the seminarian commands. Today's seminarian is fortunate too in having access through periodicals and paper-bound books to challenging modern thought; if such ideas are not always sympathetically included in class hours, they surely receive adequate exposure in student conversations. Increasingly the seminarian will experience in his program the effects of the Vatican Council, certainly the most important theological fact of the modern church. Most graduate students in the universities which I have attended lack the time and tranquility for satisfying scholarship. Compared to them, the seminarian at Mundelein is in a favorable position.

Secondly, seminarians should struggle to preserve an accurate perspective while they deepen and sharpen their insights. If young priests in Chicago are aware of their own inadequacy and if they have the desire and ability to work towards greater competence, then the seminary program has not necessarily served them poorly. Furthermore, it is a widely recognized fact that the alumni of St. Mary of the Lake Seminary have made significant contributions in many fields of contemporary importance to the Church; off-hand I think of names like Hillenbrand, Higgins, Quinn, Greeley, Stone, Weber, Kilgallon, Imbiorski, Mahon, and surely there are others. But the fundamental purpose of a diocesan seminary is to prepare parish priests; and really in the effective ministry of hundreds of pastors and assistants, graduates of St. Mary of the Lake, provides the best evidence of the worth of the seminary program. Consequently, seminarians who know the history of their school and the vitality of their diocese should try to balance the points of excellence in their seminary against its defects.

Finally, seminarians should continue to express their ideas tentatively. Civility is the only atmosphere in which rational discussion is possible, and within the Christian community civility should be transformed by grace to become kindness and even affection. If seminarians will work towards such practical charity in their speech, privately and publicly, they will make as great a contribution to the life of the Church as through the freshness and integrity of their point of view.

What, again, after all has been said, is the seminarian to do? He should continue to learn, to keep his balance in an unsteady world, and to deepen his commitment to God's people. Scripture instructs us that in the Kingdom of God the young men are to dream dreams and the old men to see visions. It is the exciting opportunity of the contemporary Church to weld together the dreams of the young and the vision of the old. Seminary days are a unique opportunity to prepare for this work.

(Rev.) JOHN F. FAHEY

Maryknoll, New York

TO THE EDITORS: After publishing Father Joseph O'Donoghue's "Reforming the Seminaries" [November 6] and letters such as the one from three Chicago Archdiocesan seminarians [December 11], it is to be hoped that COMMONWEAL will play its accustomed catalytic role by encouraging further discussion on what concretely might be done and has been done to improve seminaries. . . .

Student consultation committees instituted this year here at Maryknoll Major Seminary give seminarians an advisory voice in the direction of the seminary. Elected student representatives meet with faculty counterparts on three committees: 1) an academic committee on academic matters; 2) a Student Services Committee on student formation and schedules; and 3) a Student activities committee on co-curricular and extra-curricular activities within and outside the seminary. The significance of this is that those under obedience are consulted, in recognition that the Holy Spirit works not only from above but is active within the entire community.

We enjoy full access to all news media. The best daily newspapers and books are available, and seminarians may receive on a personal basis or read the house copies of a complete spectrum of news, opinion, and professional magazines. Personal radios are allowed; news programs on television are available nightly. Pay telephones are available for unrestricted use.

Personal guests are welcome at the seminary. And many special groups visit. Last week, for example, we had here for extended discussion and dinner 60 friends from a half-dozen Protestant seminaries and missionary training organizations. A student-planned program has been inaugurated which provides evenings of informal recreation room discussion with lay men and women representing a wide range of professional (and controversial) opinion.

Maintaining a proper balance between outside activities and intra-seminary formation is in itself an important part of forming the future priest. Teaching in parish CCD and adult discussion groups is considered part of our curriculum, and helps fulfill requirements for the Master of Religious Education degree. As practical preparation for social action in the priesthood, one

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of the few seminary credit unions was chartered by the U. S. government last May.

Outside activities include work with foreign and U.S. students and groups engaged in the international student apostolate, an intensive ecumenical program including regular interfaith theological discussion with seminarians of the leading Protestant and Jewish seminaries in the New York City area, beginnings in civil rights and voter registration work, attendance at lectures at nearby colleges and universities, and involvement in local parish and Catholic Action activities. To provide mobility for these activities, there are some forty student-owned cars (old cars, but they get us around) and two light planes available for the use of 187 students. The availability of light planes, and the fact that some of the men have been or are being trained as pilots (with the missions in view), makes occasional quick trips for special purposes possible to points such as Washington, D.C., Pittsburgh, Chicago and Boston.

Our men move even further afield in summer programs. The summer of 1964 some forty-five men took degree or non-degree programs at a dozen or more universities in cultural anthropology, history, psychology, linguistics, sociology, cooperatives, liturgy, and in film and television techniques. Most of the rest did apostolic work among Indians in northern British Columbia, among Mexican-Americans in the Southwest, in the slums of Harlem or Washington, D.C., in Cardinal Lercaro's Bologna, in the working-class districts of Paris, in Jamaica, in the Deep South, or beside U. S. college students in Mexico.

Of course at the seminary itself we make full use of the new liturgy, Bible vigils, Scripture study groups, and virtually all prayer in English to try to achieve an intelligible and "concerned" spirituality. The number of class hours has been reduced, while at the same time there have been introduced new courses in liturgy, religious sociology, religious education, Catholic social thought, pastoral psychology, and lin-

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PEACE MESSAGE

POPE PAUL'S Christmas message, which is fully within the tradition of Pope John and the spirit of *aggiornamento,* will no doubt help to allay some of the anxiety about the course to be pursued by the papacy. The Pope has called for disarmament, an end to racism and nationalism, and the promotion of the ideals of religious liberty. Though it was apparently not the Pope's intent to break new ground in this statement—all the major points echo either Pope Pius or Pope John—his words have served as a reminder of the Church's resolve to take the world and the world's problems seriously. The message is free of any taint of ecclesiasticism or triumphalism. It speaks, rather, of placing the Church and Christian wisdom and energy at the service of the world. Like his predecessor, Pope Paul has addressed himself not simply to Catholics, but to all men. His tone is not that of the ecclesiastical commander, but of the humble servant who wishes to unite and serve mankind.

In a modification of a section from *Pacem in Terris,* he calls for "a generous-minded investigation of how military expenditure—at least in part and by stages —could be diverted to humanitarian ends. . . ." He also voices his alarm at runaway militarism and "overkill." The sentiments, we think, are unexceptionable, and should be repeated and amplified until a world consensus is formed. Nevertheless, the pertinent passages here suffer from a lack of precision. The Pope, for instance, declares "we cannot help but be alarmed at a militarism no longer focused on the legitimate defense of the countries concerned, or on the maintenance of world peace. . . ." It is not clear whether this is an abstract warning of a future danger, or a concrete comment on an existing situation. This is the same sort of ambiguity at the heart of the Vatican Council's statement on atomic weapons, which condemns "arms, especially nuclear weapons, whose effects . . . cannot reasonably be regulated by men . . ." Does this statement condemn existing nuclear weapons as unregulatable, or does it in fact absolve Russia and America for possession of vast nuclear stockpiles, as long as they can regulate them? The difference is a major one, a gap between a

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platitude and a major step forward in the Church's thinking on war. But the interpretation here is private, and the point of the statement remains comfortably blurred. (Another example of escape-hatch writing comes in the Christmas message's discussion of religious liberty, which is extended to all beliefs "when they are not contrary to the common good"—a useful distinction, of course, but what use will the Spanish, for instance, make of it?)

Beyond the single ambiguity in the Pope's discussion of modern weapons, there is room for regret that the statement was so general. It is usually not very useful to criticize one kind of statement for not being a different kind entirely. But the papal Christmas messages have become formal and well-read dissertations on the means to peace. The need is not so much for general appeals for disarmament, but for specific reflections on the existing situation. Under what circumstances are civilian centers still legitimate targets for modern weapons? What of a deterrent planned on the possible option of destroying not only an enemy's military forces, but a whole society as well? Or of a still-growing stockpile that already includes tens of thousands of nuclear weapons?

The traditional just-war doctrine of the Church has not been thought through in terms of modern realities. As William V. O'Brien says in the December, 1964, issue of *Worldview*, it has not been adequately updated since the seventeenth century, and is too judicial in its approach to deal with the psychology and dynamics of conflict today. It is axiomatic that the complexities involved in discussing the morality of modern war are monumental. But they must be approached in terms more specific than either the recent Christmas message or the proposed Council statement.

ANOTHER CRISIS

THE YEAR 1964—one of steady deterioration of the United States' position in Vietnam—has made clear what a handful of observers were maintaining as the year began: that no one leader or group of Vietnamese speaks for the nation, that no amount of United States aid is able to reverse the downward trend in the absence of political stability, and that a leader could emerge to exploit anti-Americanism as a way of distracting attention from the general chaos.

General Khanh, by publicly accusing U.S. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor of meddling in South Vietnam's affairs, has brought matters to the point that many Americans feared, that is, to the brink of questioning the United States' influence and presence in his nation. The only legal prop to the American involvement in South Vietnam in the willingness of some sort of representative government to accept U.S. help. It has been a long time since many people have argued that the various governments of South Vietnam have been representative. Now, representative or not, the regime currently in power is going even further to undermine the narrow legal base of U.S. involvement.

With the Vietcong winning the war, both militarily and psychologically, the situation is indeed desperate. The old slogans about Vietnam's being a test of U.S. will-power do not apply any longer, if they ever did. The reality is that the Vietcong controls most of the country, and is becoming bolder and better organized, while the Saigon regime keeps changing hands and nears the point of collapse. The situation is analogous to Cuba in the days before the Batista government crumbled after encirclement and constant pressure from guerrilla forces. The stark possibilities facing the United States are, first, that a new coup that will bring to power a neutralist regime anxious to make the best possible deal with the Communists, or second, that a total collapse in Saigon will require the U.S. either to admit defeat and leave, or to stay on as an occupying power without any pretense of legality.

The next sane course of action must be to see what possibilities exist for stabilizing Vietnam under a regime that would neither be Communist-nor Western-dominated. The United States would not, of course, feel very comfortable about such an arrangement. But the alternative involves the enormous risk of extending and expanding the war, a far more radical and dangerous option.

A GOOD START

SOME WEEKS ago in these pages, Mr. George Traynor described the unique diocesan constitution and convention of the renowned Bishop John England of Charleston, S.C. ("Charter for Laymen, 1822"). The question raised by Mr. Traynor in his article and by us in an editorial was: why could there not be such a plan today? Why could there not be structures within dioceses which would give the laity, as well as the clergy, a formal opportunity to voice their opinions and reflections? An answer came forth very quickly. Much to our surprise and pleasure, the very same week we raised our questions Cardinal Ritter in St. Louis announced his approval of an archdiocesan "Dialogue Conference" which it is hoped will take place this Spring.

While the Conference does not encompass all of the features of Bishop England's plan, it could well prove the forerunner of a nationwide pattern. The occasion of the Conference was a letter to Cardinal Ritter from thirty priests, sisters and lay people late in November. In their letter, the signers asked that the Cardinal convene a Conference with three main aims: to "discuss ways and means of implementing the decisions of the Council"; to create "a climate of greater understanding among the clergy, religious and laity"; and to confront "problems which seem to be restricting the effectiveness of the Church . . ."

To insure that dialogue at the Conference will be open and honest, the signers further proposed that the group in attendance include lay, clerical and religious representatives, presenting as well a diversity of backgrounds, ages, professional, cultural and apostolic interests. The pattern

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of the Conference would be similar to that of Vatican II, with various commissions charged with the duty of working through the suggestions for points of discussion, methods of procedure and the recommending of delegates. Most notably, the proposal stipulated that the Conference not be dominated by one group, lay, clerical or religious.

One major difficulty bound to arise in the aftermath of the Council will be the discovery of means to bring its decisions down to the diocesan and then to the parish level. In this respect, the liturgical constitution could prove only to be an exception to the rule. So far, that constitution has been admirably implemented by the American bishops and the bishops of the world. Though the problems have by no means all been solved, they are being met and discussed. But in the case of the liturgy, over three decades were required to bring the Church to its present liturgical renascence; the struggle was long and hard. Now the Church has entered into a comparable phase concerning the effective role of the laity in the Church: a body of theological literature exists, some tentative practical suggestions have been made and the Council has signalled the importance of the laity. But so far most of the reform exists on paper only. The St. Louis Conference can provide a significant breakthrough; its success would undoubtedly prod other dioceses to lay comparable plans. A start must be made somewhere. Cardinal Ritter and the initiators of the project deserve high praise.

Commonweal's new format was designed to better express the contemporary nature of the ideas, issues and events it brings to its readers. The new design attempts to create a sharper focus of attention for each of the articles and features that make up each issue, as well as better legibility.

The new format was designed by graphic designer Emil Antonucci. Mr. Antonucci's work includes graphics for the Vatican Pavilion and New York State Pavilion at the N.Y. World's Fair, the Four Seasons Restaurant in New York and the New England Merchants National Bank in Boston. He is presently an instructor at the Parsons School of Design.

BEYOND THE CURTAIN

MUCH as it is an improvement over his waning threat to retake China by storm, Chiang Kai-shek's new hope of regaining control through the force of Taiwan's great prosperity seems no less empty. With substantial American help the island of Taiwan has grown remarkably prosperous for the Far East, and could go farther. But even if Chiang succeeds in transforming great numbers of his 600,000-man army into productive workers, could an economy established on the backs of the native Formosan majority develop sufficient ideological force to win over any present-day people?

But if Chiang's new dream can hardly be taken seriously, it does raise the question of how susceptible to anti-Mao persuasion the Chinese people might be. The American press supplies extremely scanty evidence. There is more in French papers, whose reporters have been permitted some observation behind the Bamboo Curtain for several years. A recent story in Paris *Match* is quite informative. Two French journalists, on a train between Peking and Shanghai, saw abandoned major installations that confirm the seriousness of the rift with Moscow. In 1960 the Russian exodus comprised hundreds of other technicians as well as atomic scientists.

Abandoned bridges, factories and workers' housing units line stretches of the railroad tracks. Freight trains seem to be stumbling along with decrepit equipment. In the fields peasants themselves draw the plows. Tractors and trucks are scarce, and both transport and manufacture are crippled by the lack of parts. Even so, it looks as if Mao is coming close to feeding his country's seven hundred millions at long last.

The French visitors were startled to find thousands of Shanghai's workers starting the day at 6 A.M. with vigorous setting-up exercises—followed by a full day's hard labor and then Communist indoctrination and self-criticism at night. Participation may not be formally compulsory but abstention is very risky. By forcing all army officers to serve in the ranks for a month out of the year, to demonstrate that there are no superiors or inferiors, the state seeks to counterbalance some of its tyranny.

The system flouts the deep Chinese feeling for the family; yet it does harmonize well with the ancient Confucian prescriptions of order, obedience, hierarchy and social progress, the Confucian doctrine that life in common is the path to perfection. What can it signify in China, where desire for individual liberty is not apparent, that mass rhythmics are performed at dawn in obedience to commands and in pervading silence? What does it mean that the Chinese seldom smile now, that life appears "drab, impassive and almost wholly faceless?" In the course of their long history, the vital Chinese, with their propensity for poking fun, have absorbed one foreign conqueror after another. If they are to digest and transform the severe Mao version of Communism in similar fashion, it will doubtless require decades.

CAUTION ON BRAZIL

WITHIN TWELVE hours of last spring's so-called Brazilian "revolution" the White House sent good wishes to the new regime. The action was certainly precipitate. To the shocked democratic left in Latin America it seemed to

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express either a naive optimism about the will-to-reform of military regimes or a desire to barter away constitutional principles for a little pro-American peace and quiet.

The character of the Brazilian coup was ambiguous, if not in fact contradictory. Two elements struggled for control. One consisted of competent military men simply disgusted at the chaos of President Goulart's policies and fearful that he was leading their country into ruin not through ideological tendencies but through sheer bungling. The other element was the conservative Land-Army-Church oligarchy to whom every reform smacks of Bolshevism and every reformer faintly resembles Lenin. Both elements in this tandem can agree on certain reforms where their interests coincide, and so they have. Fiscal reforms (which mean, among other things, reining back on government spending and holding down wages) are a case in point. Here, the Brazilian government has developed a program to stabilize the economy, which, having passed muster for a variety of international monetary agencies, has now earned Brazil $400 million in aid from the U.S.

Is this U.S. action, too, precipitate? Today the ultimate nature of the Brazilian government remains as ambiguous as ever. Even were the moderate element in the government to dominate, there is no clear evidence it has the will to go beyond cleaning up the Goulart mess and to effect the structural reforms Brazil needs. Yet the moderates may well be eclipsed by the right-wing forces, whose latest triumph in the way of Red-hunting was the forced displacement of the governor of the state of Goias.

On balance, the American aid to Brazil is probably a good idea; a crumbling economy and runaway inflation is of no benefit to anyone in Brazil, rich, poor, oligarch or democrat. But the U.S. aid should not be given unaccompanied by pressure against the right-wing elements in the government. Nor should the United States tie its policies to the wishes of the present Brazilian government; it should listen carefully to the demands of non-governmental and even repressed groups. Relative to recent years, Brazil now looks calm and stable. The U.S. should not be fooled by looks.

TO THE REAR, MARCH

THE FOLLOWING is, so help us, a recent letter from an Eastern bishop to the priests of his diocese:

Reverend and dear Father:

In order to assure that Bible Services will not supersede traditional Catholic devotions, especially devotion to the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, I wish to intervene each time when it is proposed to hold such a Bible Service. If it is desired to schedule such a service, permission shall be sought from me and, if granted, granted only by me personally.

If the permission is granted, it will be required that the Bible Service shall be immediately followed by Public Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, for which I shall give permission for the individual occasion. Moreover, if the permission for the Bible Service is granted, it will be on condition that at the beginning of the Service one decade of the Rosary shall be recited with a meditation on the Third Glorious Mystery and, further, that among the texts of Scripture read there shall always be read the verses from the Gospel of Saint Matthew, XVI, 13-20, in which Our Lord promised to build His Church on Saint Peter, as well as the verses in the sixth Chapter of the Gospel of Saint John, 49-59, in which Our Lord promised the Blessed Eucharist.

(Signed) . . . . . .

N.B.: The "traditional" Catholic devotion of Benediction developed after the 16th century, the Rosary after the 13th century. The Bible, it is said, came earlier.

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WASHINGTON REPORT

TIPTOEING FORWARD

PRESIDENT Johnson begins the new year in an extraordinary mood that is a compound of overconfidence and extreme caution. The result is to create an equally exceptional opportunity for the Republicans which, if they run true to form, they are not likely to exploit effectively.

Mr. Johnson's overconfidence derives from his conviction that his overwhelming victory in the election proves that he is the master politician of the age. He does not take kindly to suggestions that what it really proved is that a large majority of the American people did not trust Senator Goldwater's judgment and that any respectable Democratic candidate could have defeated him. On the contrary, the President regards the election as a resounding vote of approval of his conduct of the nation's affairs during his first year in office which, of course, it was incidentally and secondarily.

Proceeding from this pleasing personal interpretation, Mr. Johnson is sure that he can accomplish great things

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over the next four years and yet not make anyone angry at him. He derides those who point out that do-nothing Presidents are sometimes almost universally popular but that the great chief executives such as Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt inevitably made bitter enemies because they had to fight hard to achieve their objectives. In private conversations with numerous visitors since the election, Mr. Johnson repeatedly makes the same simple argument. He says he is not going to repeat the mistake of Woodrow Wilson who got too far ahead of the people on the League of Nations issue nor the mistake of Franklin Roosevelt who shocked and frightened the moderates and conservatives in Congress by his abrupt proposal to pack the Supreme Court. He likes to point out that Roosevelt won by 11,000,000 votes in November, 1936, but that by the following April he could not get any of his program through Congress because of the Court fight. Less often and more guardedly, Mr. Johnson criticizes his predecessor, John Kennedy, for tackling the steel companies head-on during the pricing controversy in 1962.

All these mistakes are to be avoided in the coming Johnson Administration, the President grandly assures his visitors. He is going to prepare both public and congressional opinion most carefully before he brings forward any major proposals. Although the names of new officials and the specific details of programs are closely guarded White House secrets, there will be no suspense or surprise about the big Administration bills. In the coming session, for example, Mr. Johnson is presently planning to wage only one bruising battle—and that in behalf of medicare, a proposal which has been argued over and thoroughly reviewed in each of the last three Congresses. The President has no hesitancy in telling people that he does not expect to achieve anything remotely approaching the Great Society during his time in office. He hopes only to make some progress on health, on education, and on the war on poverty. In his view, the nation will move forward on each of these three fronts only as the national consensus in favor of federal action develops. It is his task as a political leader to help form that consensus and judge when it has sufficiently matured to risk action.

NONE of this post-election assessment as it has trickled out of the White House is really surprising to observers familiar with Mr. Johnson's mode of operations as a Senate leader and as a Texas politician. In the Senate when he was floor leader, he never brought a major piece of legislation to the floor for a vote unless he were certain how that vote would go. He wanted no nasty surprises; he waged no foredoomed battles for principle's sake. As a Texas politician, he has consistently tried to hold all factions together, now appeasing the liberals and then conciliating the extreme conservatives. And despite private outbursts of rage, never a harsh word in public about anyone. Mr. Johnson always goes on the theory that every man is now or may potentially be useful to him. Therefore, if at all possible, no one is ever deliberately alienated or permanently written off. Mr. Johnson in his unceasing practice of the art of the possible and his balancing of men's clashing interests is the non-ideological politician in pure Benthamite form.

There is no dispute that this approach to life and politics can work and at times produce large rewards for society. Mr. Johnson may well be the man to succeed where other politicians as diverse as Robert Taft and John Kennedy failed in charting a safe course to federal aid for elementary and secondary education through the shoals and reefs of religious and philosophical controversy. However, he is also likely to be too cautious in failing to seize the opportunities of the moment. The 2-to-1 Democratic majorities in the House and Senate are unnaturally large. There is sure to be a swing back to the Republicans, perhaps as early as 1966, which would bring the congressional balance of power closer to the stalemate conditions that prevailed from 1938 to 1958. The Wilson Administration put through almost all of its "New Freedom" reforms in the single Congress of 1913-14. The Roosevelt Administration accomplished most of its "New Deal" program in the comparatively brief period of 1933 to 1938. If Mr. Johnson does not push his domestic program aggressively and rapidly in the next two or three years, he may well find opportunity has passed him by. Reforming congresses rarely come more than once or twice a generation.

At the same time, the President is almost certainly overconfident in assuming that he can make management and labor, the farmers and the city consumers, the Deep South and the restless Negroes, and all the other conflicting groups in our society dwell together in political peace and harmony.

It was a touching if little-noticed scene at the White House on December 16 when the President invited Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz and AFL-CIO President George Meany to witness his announcement of the appointment of John T. Connor, the president of Merck & Co., as the new Secretary of Commerce. The President and Messrs. Wirtz and Connor spoke their expected pieces about the beauties and glories of management-labor cooperation and the coming era of industrial peace. Mr. Meany, his mind perhaps dwelling on his fiercely-desired goal of the repeal of the "right to work" Section 14b of the Taft-Hartley Act, sat glumly silent.

If the late Senator Estes Kefauver were alive, a colorful confirmation contest might now be blossoming since Secretary-designate Connor was the drug industry's chief spokesman during the Kefauver drug industry investigation of 1959-60. Connor made some memorable attacks on Kefauver including one in which he, in effect, accused him of McCarthyism. The senator is dead and the new Secretary's confirmation is assured, but there will be new Kefauvers and the dissatisfactions of George Meany will become vocal. It is in the nature of life even in the Great Society—as President Johnson may discover before this new year is out.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

FREE EXERCISE OF RELIGION?

TO SOME PEOPLE the school question has become one huge bore, and in a way I can sympathize with them. Heaven knows the subject has been discussed for a very long time, and after a while it is hard to stay interested. Nonetheless, the issue remains unresolved and important, and in more respects than the hotly disputed question of federal aid to parochial schools.

Consider the current question about the four colleges in Maryland. The state wants to aid higher education, including that under private rather than public auspices. The legislature therefore provided for matching-fund aid to four religiously oriented colleges: Western Maryland College, affiliated with the Methodist Church; Hood College, affiliated with the United Church of Christ; Notre Dame of Maryland and St. Joseph College, the latter two both Roman Catholic institutions. Aid to all four was promptly challenged in the courts, and the matter is now being argued, with scrutiny being given to everything from textbooks used and academic freedom enjoyed to faculty make-up and fiscal control.

There are Catholics who dismiss such taxpayer suits out of hand. The questions raised, they argue, are all beside the point. Indeed, their general position seems to be that the whole Constitutional question about aid to religious schools is simply something invented by the enemies of religion to plague us.

I can't buy any such view. America has always been sensitive on Church-State issues, and this sensitivity has helped to prevent the bitter religious divisions and the setting of brother against brother that have marred European history on this score. We are right to lean over backward to avoid any such outcome here, in my view.

With this said, I still must say I cannot see the argument of the strict separationists on the school question. And the reason for this view is my conviction that their argument stresses one aspect of the problem but ignores another. If the notion of no-establishment were the only thing at stake, their arguments would be unassailable. But in fact the First Amendment guarantees freedom-of-exercise as well as barring establishment, and the arguments of the strict separationists tend to ignore the ease with which freedom-of-exercise can be violated.

Take, for example, the situation in the state of New York, where I live. To say that one will restrict aid-to-higher-education to public institutions might be at least arguable in some places, but in New York it would be ridiculous. In point of fact, the states' non-public colleges and universities perform an essential public service, educating about sixty percent of the states' students. And like all colleges and universities, public or private, these institutions are faced with both rising costs and increased demands from an expanding student population. Anyone who knows anything at all about the matter knows that the student-cost squeeze is going to hit the private college harder and harder in the years ahead.

All right, then, many would say; face the fact that these institutions perform a much-needed public function and give them state aid. But then what do you do about the church-connected college? One-third of all the students who attend private colleges and universities in New York State attend religiously related schools. Should those schools simply be excluded?

Yes, say the strict separationists. Too bad, but the First Amendment provision against establishment requires that such aid be denied. And this ban applies even if tuition aid is given directly to the student; for a student to use such air for tuition in a church-related college would be indirect aid to religion, and that too must be prohibited.

It is at this point that I must part company with the strict separationist. I don't want establishment of religion either—far from it—but I can't see their position. To me it represents a simple, almost compulsive approach to no-establishment which ignores the corresponding constitutional safeguard for the free exercise of religion.

Let me be clear on the issue. The strict separationist argues that a college student attending a private school can get public assistance for tuition and other costs—as long as the college he chooses does not operate under religious auspices. I cannot see this as anything but a clear violation of the citizen's constitutional right to the free exercise of his religion. In such a situation it would be quite untrue to say that my children were still free to attend any college they wished; in fact their freedom would have been considerably diminished since the family of the boy or girl who chose a school with religion in the curriculum would be made to pay an economic penalty. I grant you that the whole problem of religion and education is a knotty one, but it seems preposterous to me to suggest that the First Amendment requires the imposition of such economic sanctions on those who prefer a religiously oriented school.

I may be wrong, but I suspect that more and more people in the country will come to agree with me. Certainly the Gallup poll indicates that public opinion has shifted significantly on the question of federal aid to all schools and not just to public schools. Whether in state or private colleges or in public or parochial schools, inferior education is a drag on the nation and a threat to our future. I don't for a minute believe that the First Amendment requires that we ignore this fact.

JAMES O'GARA

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THE SCHOOLS

Sociologists and critics have different standards

DANIEL CALLAHAN

ONE OF the more endearing traits of the sociologist is hardheadedness. Before his arrival on the religious scene, it was possible to speculate freely and unabashedly; no one had many facts, knew how to get them or much cared, anyway. Hearsay, intuition and bold generalizations from eyelid tics were the reigning methods of social analysis. The sociologists have, among other things, tried to change all that. They don't mind speculation, but they want evidence to back it. They don't mind intuition, as long as there is some way to check its validity. They will tolerate generalizations, just that they must be verified or at least be verifiable. In an age of reform, this has proved a heavy burden on those brought up in the looser, more genteel tradition. The prophets and critics have suffered the most. If their inspiration is that of the New Testament, say, it is by no means clear how one brings sociology and the Christian dispensation together. How hypocritical do a people have to be before one is justified in calling them "pharisees"? How obsessed with Church law must a group be in order for their religious orientation to be called "legalistic"? These are not the instinctive questions of prophets. For them, even a little hypocrisy is too much; even a trace of legalism, a disaster.

The recent burst of criticism of the parochial school system has made this a pertinent problem. Or better, a number of sociologists have forced such questions on those who feel compelled to bemoan the state of the schools. The most notorious in this respect is Father Andrew Greeley. For some months now, he has amused himself by attacking the critics. While he has gracefully hidden his own positive theories (apparently they all come down to "social change"), he has not hesitated to debunk almost everyone else's. As he was doing so, however, he did manage to whet appetites for the "facts." Perhaps, just perhaps, some of the assaulted critics hoped, the facts would not prove them so ignorant after all.

Fortunately, we have not had to wait very long. Now there are some facts, and they are contained in a preliminary report by Father Greeley, Peter H. Rossi and Leonard Pinto on *The Social Effects of Catholic Education* (National Opinion Research Center). Here are three professional sociologists, working with a grant from the Carnegie Foundation, attempting to gather some reliable information on the results achieved by Catholic education. They picked themselves a good subject, for whatever the Catholic schools may be in reality, they have served more than a merely educational function in the Catholic community. They have been, at one extreme, the rallying point for Catholic jingoists, that place where tribal loyalty, group myth-making and minority passions have met and concentrated their power. At the other extreme, the schools have provided a negative focal point for the alienated Catholic; in his eyes they have stood for "brick-and-mortar" Catholicism, for defensive arrogance, for separatism, and for the fullest expression of the totalitarian temptation within the Church. Nor has that ever-interested bystander, the non-Catholic, been any less prone to invest the schools with a special value; for him, they have represented almost everything that is both very, very good and very, very bad in American Catholicism. When the *Saturday Evening Post* chose Wilfrid Sheed some months ago to write about the schools, it showed instinctive good sense: the subject is a natural for a drama critic.

But there is also room for the sociologist. Everyone

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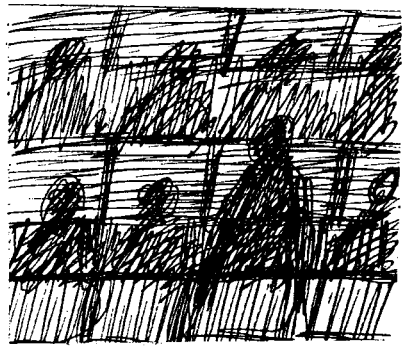
knows about the myths, yet few have much idea about the facts. The results of the preliminary NORC study are, in that respect, valuable. The most significant finding, perhaps, is that the study "did not substantiate the idea that the apparent vitality of Catholicism in the United States is the result of the parochial school system; indeed, one might almost suspect the opposite—that the schools are the result of the vitality. . . . It seems quite probable that were there no parochial schools, Catholicism in the United States would not be overwhelmingly different—quantitatively—from what it is today." This is not to say the schools make no difference. In those areas which the authors describe as of "symbolic" importance to the American Church, there was a significant difference (from 10-20 percentage points), between those who received all of their education in Catholic schools and those who have received only part or none in those schools. Thus "in religious practice, in religious knowledge, in doctrinal and ethical orthodoxy, in a willingness to accept the Church as an authoritative teacher in controversial areas in loyalty (especially in symbolically crucial doctrines such as birth control and papal infallibility), and in their financial contributions to the Church . . . those who had all their education in Catholic schools were more likely to engage in behavior encouraged by Catholic norms than were others."

Once one moves out to an area of broader values, however, the results are different. "Certainly parochial graduates were not sophisticated enough to reject statements that are, despite their popularity in the American culture, from the Catholic viewpoint heretical. Nor were they inclined to believe that love of neighbor was more important than Friday abstinence. Nor were they more likely to report that they had helped those who needed help. Nor did they show themselves more favorably disposed to the case of racial justice." From these disparate results the authors were "left with the suspicion that the parochial educational system was moderately successful at inculcating precisely those norms already reasonably well accepted among American Catholics." The major achievements of the schools have been in those areas which, the authors say, were of great importance to the Church in the nineteenth century: "attendance at Mass, sexual morality, acceptance of authority. . . . From this point of view, it could be maintained that the schools have accomplished their purpose. They may not have been necessary to preserve the 'faith' in the new world, but at least they raised the level at which 'the faith' was practiced."

To mention briefly three other important conclusions: no evidence was discovered to show that the schools have had a harmful effect on civic behavior, or that they create divisiveness, or that they handicap the "social or economic success of those who attended them." A modest conclusion is offered: "if the parochial schools do not have all the good effects that their protagonists would like to claim for them, neither do they appear to have any of the 'divisive' effects that their enemies would have expected."

So there we are. After all the bickering, quarreling, $40,000 prizes, heated editorials, the thousand pins plunged into the effigy of Mary Perkins Ryan, diocesan defense communiqués, episcopal fulminations, the schools turn out to be: well, so, so, good here, weak there. The only question which remains is why in the world has everyone been so upset about the schools? One ready answer might be that those who heatedly defend the schools have been nursing the illusion that the schools have been a stunning triumph. That answer will hardly work. Even the zealots have never claimed perfect results. They will not really be surprised by the statistics in the study. And it is unlikely that even the meanest critics of the schools (Catholics, naturally) will be surprised either. They never claimed that a parochial school education was the surest way to misunderstand the Church; only that it might help. As usual, the facts, when we get them, are dull, as if only old myths are interesting and worth arguing about. The study might indicate that everyone, more or less, didn't know what he was talking about. That of course has been Father Andrew Greeley's evangelical message for some time now; it is only fitting that he should be one of the authors of the study, personally providing us with the evidence to fulfill his own prophecy.



But I still haven't answered that remaining question: why has everyone been so upset? The study itself helps to provide an answer, for it makes eminently clear that those standards pertinent to a sociologist may be wholly and justly irrelevant to those concerned with Christianity. The main clue lies in the authors' initial "skepticism," as sociologists, "about the possibility of notably affecting human behavior through value-oriented education." The study, they say, did not bear out their skepticism: the Catholic schools "did have a notable influence on the later behavior of adults." So they did, according to the statistics, but the behavior influenced significantly was almost exclusively related to institutional as opposed to broader religious values. Those who still see these values as crucial will find the study supporting their enthusiasm for the schools. Those who believe these values are something less than central to Christianity will find their worst apprehensions confirmed. The authors manage to have it both ways; as sociologists that is proper enough. In pointing out the success of the school in instilling what they call the American Catholic values of the past century, they leave as an open question whether the schools

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could equally well inculcate a broader and different set of values.

AT THIS POINT the reformer will have to part company with the sociologist. For the sociologists who wrote this report started out by expecting little, and hence were ready to count any unexpected results as noteworthy successes. They also assume, without presenting a shred of evidence, that the central aim of the schools, historically, was to instill those values they call "symbolically" important. Yet it is very striking that the pastoral letters of the bishops of the early provincial councils of Baltimore and of the later Plenary Councils rarely lay any stress at all on those points the authors assert were "symbolically" crucial. The pastoral of 1829 says nothing whatever about religious "observance" when it speaks of the value of a Christian education; instead, it urges parents to teach their children "first to seek the kingdom of God and His justice." The pastoral of 1837 states that the schools have succeeded in their aim to "inform the understanding, regulate the imagination, cultivate the taste, ameliorate the heart . . . impress the importance and obligation of fulfilling every social, civic, domestic and religious duty. . . ." The pastoral of the important Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884 lays its emphasis heavily on the importance of knowledge, for "knowledge enlarges our capacity both for self-improvement and for promoting the welfare of our fellow men."

In brief, the *professed* aims of those responsible for the schools during their formative years in fact differ surprisingly little from the aims professed today by the bishops. One can only conclude that the authors of the study assumed a priori that whatever the schools have done well is what they were most interested in doing. Now it may well be the case that what Father Greeley in other contexts has called "folk Catholicism" gave a greater weight to the "symbolic" value, than did the bishops; but that needs to be shown, and the study does not allude to the problem at all.

The matter is not insignificant. Those who have criticized the schools have taken their stand on the failure of the schools to communicate a dynamic vision of the Christian life, one which involves more than adherence to ecclesiastical law. Their standards have not been dictated by the modest expectations of sociologists; nor have they been dictated by the Protestant norm of behavior; nor by the values of middle-class American "folk Catholicism." For just these reasons, the critics have been particularly sensitive to the discrepancy between the purported goals of the schools and the actual behavior of their products. One statistic in the report goes to the heart of the criticisms. Only 53 percent of those whose education was entirely Catholic agreed with the statement "that love of neighbor is more important than not eating meat on Friday" (as opposed to 60 percent of those with no Catholic education). This is a shocking figure. A parochial school system which cannot manage to get over to its students an essential part of what Christ called the "greatest commandment" deserves hardly any *Christian* respect whatever, regardless of how much it may impress a sociologist. To go one more step: a Catholic school system which leaves the slightest doubt in the graduate's mind about the relative value of a minor Church law and the most essential teaching of Christ constitutes a major danger to his religious life.

Doubtless, the most stubborn defenders of the schools (one trusts) will be horrified also by that statistic. They will probably claim that no one of any sense or responsibility in the Church has ever placed Friday abstinence above love of neighbor; and they would probably be right. But there the statistic is. What is the explanation? The report gives no hint about that, but at any rate it is clear that the only grounds on which one can defend the success of the schools will have to be narrowly sociological, on the one hand, or by embracing Catholic legalism on the other.

BUT ISN'T it unfair to place such a heavy burden on one statistic, as if nothing else counted for much? Isn't it unfair to adopt transcendently high standards, shouting and wailing when these standards are not met? Orestes Brownson provided the classic answer to such questions over a hundred years ago in an essay entitled "Catholic Schools and Education" (1862): "It is with [the] ideal standard of Catholic education that we have the right to compare our Catholic schools, and we must judge them as they, by the instruction they give, and the influence they exert, tend or do not tend to its realization. We hazard little in saying that our so-called Catholic schools, in their actual effect, tend rather to depart from this standard than to approach it. . . . Do we find them up to the level of contemporary civilization, and foremost in all those movements fitted to advance intelligence, morality and the general well-being of society? Do we find them showing by their superior intelligence, their superior morals, and their loftier aspirations the superiority of their religion and the salutary influence it is fitted to exert on civilization? With very few exceptions, we fear we must answer: This is not the case." To judge by the results of the NORC study, these words could have justly been written today.

The only mitigating circumstances lie in the limitations of human behavior. The reformers' exalted ideal was not met in the past, is not being met now, and, unless human nature changes, will not be met in the future. There is only so much that can be done with the human clay, and one need not assert that the total ideal must be achieved to justify the very existence of the schools. For working purposes, something less than perfection will do. What will not do is for those concerned with the adequacy of the schools to adopt the criteria of the sociologist. In the case of the NORC study the criteria turn out to have little to do with theological or spiritual considerations; that is why the schools could be said to have a "notable" influence. The Catholic school graduates were compared only with those who had a partial Catholic education, none at all and Prot-

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estants. What the report does not provide—properly enough—are the acceptable norms from a religious point of view.

The critics of the schools—notably Mary Perkins Ryan in *Are Parochial Schools the Answer?*—have been attempting to fashion such norms. Here and there, one can readily admit, they have been mistaken in *some* (but not most) of their generalizations. The report shows that. But they have not been mistaken in their judgment that the schools have failed their Christian purpose or at least have achieved scandalously poor results. That the critics have not adopted the supposed values of the nineteenth century in rendering their judgment is true enough; but then why should they? Why should they not be free to choose from the highest standards of Christian behavior and judge accordingly? They had better. The only possible hope for the schools lies in their setting radically higher standards. In the past, the schools got by because no one took the trouble, or dared, to measure their actual results. Pietistic support was the rule. That rule must be changed. The sociologists can help by finding out what the schools actually achieve. The theologians can help by clarifying the ends of a Christian education. But the last word must come from the Christian conscience. So far, only the critics have pressed that conscience to the wall; they have not been well received by those who actually run the schools (nor by Father Greeley when he plays frolicsome games in the popular press). Yet unless those with power take them seriously (and I, at least, am hopeful), the future promises little more than the past.

Varieties of segregationist belief

SOUTHERN 'HONOR'

ROBERT J. GEURINK

MANY of the voters who carried Georgia for Goldwater would call themselves moderates or "honest segregationists." The word "honest" goes down well because it's so close to that other much-revered word, "honor," which has sent many a Southerner to the cannon's mouth believing in his own providential immunity. White Southerners have used high-sounding terms very seriously. "I have a code and I must live up to it," said Georgia's Sen. Richard B. Russell in examination of why he didn't campaign for Johnson. "I will do it whether I am on the floor of the Senate or on my front porch in Winder, Georgia." This concept of honor is tied closely to a philosophy of the underdog. The white Southerner thinks he has been low man on the popularity poll too long. The heavier the odds against him on the race issue, the more he calls on the "code," or honor, to even them up. So he works up the feeling that being outnumbered, being a rear guard, is good in itself and worth the battle. If pushed hard, the "honest segregationist" may do things he doesn't want to do. It may be hard to tell him from an ordinary racist. Usually, however, there are differences.

1. The "honest segregationist" tries to stay away from the issue if he can. He'd rather not think about it. As long as he usually doesn't have to deal personally with the Negro on even terms (which is easy in a society still drifting on Nineteenth-Century momentum), he would rather think of integration as somebody else's problem. The racist meets the issue head-on. He goes looking for it. If the "honest segregationist" doesn't want to face integration where it is bound to come or already has (the schools, restaurants, motels), the racist insists on seeing it where it doesn't have to come or won't (intermarriage, "social affairs" like dances or parties).

2. The "honest segregationist" generally is resigned to what integration there is, but doesn't want any more. He even can stand tokenism-plus, if the plus has been whittled down. He may, again, even patronize an integrated restaurant because he has always liked the food there, but if a segregated place he goes to suddenly lets in Negroes, he may shy away. The racist, of course, demands full Jim Crow and will fight anything from tokenism on.

3. The "honest segregationist" doesn't have an open mind, but it's occasionally ajar. Many white Southerners have an innate fascination about people who don't live or think as they do. They won't go over to a stranger and ask questions; they just hang around and see what they can pick up. The other side of an issue sometimes sifts in by osmosis. The racist has little or no real curiosity about Northerners or Negroes. His mind is closed. He may, indeed, be the man "with the facts" and quote Genesis 28:1 or Carleton Putnam's discredited *Race and Reason* for "proof" that whites are superior to Negroes.

4. The "honest segregationist" tends to be practical about it all in a crisis. "It's in the cards, you can't fight Uncle Sam." The remark attributed to Georgia's Governor Carl Sanders is typical: "I am a segregationist, but not a damned

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fool." If segregation will bring about something worse than the *status quo* (violence or economic hardship), the "honest segregationist" is inclined to yield, albeit often slowly and sullenly. There isn't much stress on a moral issue as far as "mixing" vs. segregation goes. To the racist, however, segregation is right. If it pulls down the standard of living, it's still right. Aside from pointing out that it has always been around and therefore "works," the racist seems little interested in just how effective segregation is. He probably could, if he wanted to, stack up a case for why segregation will make the South better off economically, but it doesn't much occur to him.

5. The "honest segregationist" may have a distaste for the Negro as a human being with rights, but many have no really strong feelings either way. They just wish the Negro would go off and leave them alone. The racist is one of the biggest "nigger lovers" in the South. Along with his bitter hatred for Negroes who try to do something about their second-class citizenship, he professes deep respect for the Negro who keeps his place. A lot of his best friends are Negroes. The bad Negroes are the "uppity" ones taken in by outsiders, etc.

6. What bothers the "honest segregationist" is his conscience; with the racist, it's fear. In trying to remove himself from the whole question, the moderate can smother any terror he may have about Negroes "taking over." But this borrowed limbo produces intellectual mugginess for a moldy conscience. He knows something is wrong and wants to feel better about it if he can. The racist feels that everything is being toppled. Black mayors will run his town; black policemen will arrest him. He wants to stop this with all means at hand—speechifying, pamphleteering, white council meetings, or more violent methods.

THIS LIST may be too arbitrary. It doesn't go into the frustrations or personality problems that may make a racist. To be sure, the racist talks a lot about honor, too, but not in a defensive way. He doesn't care much whether you think he's sincere as long as he gets it across that he has no doubt he's right. The "honest segregationist" insists, however, that you recognize his lack of malice, his honor. He puts segregation into the interstices of this, and, with the oft quixotic Southern respect for things military, he offers his integrity in almost West Point fashion: honor is not negotiable.

There is some hope that Georgians and other Southerners may unwind from this honor complex. The proposition that honor is something rigid was attacked a long time ago by the Georgia humorist Charles H. Smith, whose cracker-barrel character "Bill Arp" took gentle swipes at Southern customs. Shortly after the Civil War, Smith contended that white Northerners and Southerners could marry one another without any great harm. "A cross between Massachusetts and South Carolina does very well nowadays," he wrote. "One is chock-full of money and the other of humor. The money keeps the humor from perishing out, which is a good thing, for if it ain't kept comfortable it is inclined to degenerate, and the stock will run into scrub in two generations . . ."

Many "honest segregationists" in Georgia are finding their honor rather uncomfortable. Far more worrisome than being identified with one more lost cause is the fear of retaliation from the national Democratic administration. Space Agency contracts may be given to the more deserving; military bases may be shut down. With logic-defying single-mindedness, Georgians who voted for segregation by voting for Goldwater are transferring lots of honor to the President as a talisman against any backlash when it comes to federal funds. Johnson, they say, is "too big a man" to hit back. And Sen. Russell made the remarkable statement that the President is "much more understanding and tolerant than some people in Georgia." Johnson undoubtedly will be as "honorable" as he can; he invited top Georgia politicians on a little post-election hunting trip. After all, Senators Russell and Talmadge can hurt him, too; they hold a great deal of power in committees that must pass on key items of his program.

Still, Georgia is uneasy. It has, at least, been dethroned as the Democratic Party's ever-loyal Southern pet. "Honest segregationists" are more aware that a cross between Southern honor and Uncle Sam's money does very well in Georgia nowadays. And what could make the honor more negotiable?

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ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

MY SON, DRAWING A PICTURE

Snails, roses, and the ram's-horn crown
Aladdin wore—they are all the same
To him—things rolled tight as the tape
Which in God's infancy sized Creation;
The vanishing-line hypnotist's spinner
Measures his experience, and the fire
That celebrates July burns pinwheels on
His slow visions. He knows about mazes,
He assumes magic; a secret beginning
Unscrolls from the tip of his pencil.
Whatever makes a world—if nebulae
We cannot see like a screw's point
Auger through the heavens, or if
Blind lights like a babble of brasses
Uncoil infinitely while we are deaf;
If indeed eternity is as simple as
The braid rug wound under his elbows,
And the tempered hearts of our clocks
Truly mediate the Icarian universe—
His mind compasses it easy and whole.
There will be no quarreling between
The snail he draws and the rose I see.

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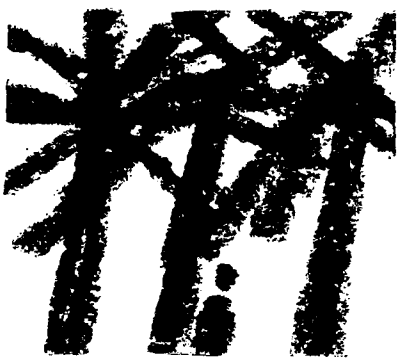
INDONESIA: A DISSENT

A country in the middle of a revolution

SIDNEY LENS



SUPERFICIALLY—by the computerized criteria of the West—Indonesia is a mess. Inflation is riding rampant. The cost of living is 44 times higher than in 1955. The official rate is 45 rupiah for the dollar; the tourist rate at the bank, 516; and at the one Western hotel in Jakarta, 1500 to the dollar. The black market rate is 3,800 and still rising. Indonesia's price system has become a farce. A gallon of gasoline, for instance, costs less than a half-penny, but a steak at Hotel Indonesia costs $8. Inflation is so rapid that the vast majority of workers—both in government and private industry—receive the major share of their wages in commodities. Some firms distribute rice and 17 other commodities to their employees. It has reached the stage, in fact, where cynics refer to money wages as a "fringe benefit."

Nor is this all. Shortage of foreign currency means that Indonesia lacks spare parts for its factories. Thus less than half the factory facilities are in actual production. Many important projects of the eight-year economic plan (begun in 1960) have either been curtailed or dropped. The transport system is in a shambles. The trams in Jakarta, which used to operate under the Dutch, are now suspended. Apart from 15 or 20 Mercedes Benz taxis at the Hotel Indonesia and a few at the airport, there is no means to get around the city, except for an antiquated bus system, a few motorcycle jitneys, and a vast number of bicycle "taxis"—*betjaks*. As a matter of fact the *betjak* is the main means of vehicle locomotion in this city of three million people—providing you can afford it. Since the average worker receives only 8,000 or 9,000 rupiahs a month (both in wages and commodities) even the 100 or 200 rupiahs for a *betjak* are outside his reach. He either depends on his company or his government office to pick him up in its own busses, or he buys a bicycle—or walks.

Communication between the 3,000 islands that comprise the Indonesian archipelago have also deteriorated in recent years since the government took over Dutch shipping lines. The 50,000 miles of roads are poor and becoming worse. A government minister recently stated only 5 percent are in good condition, 9 percent fair, 41 percent poor, and the other 45 percent impossible. To get from Jakarta to Jogjakarta, a distance of 180 miles, takes twelve hours of hard driving. From Jakarta to Bali, about 500 miles, takes three days.

Indonesia's land, particularly the island of Java which accounts for two-thirds the population, is amongst the richest in the world. It can grow three or four crops a year. But despite the fact that rice production (the main food staple) has slowly increased—it is now 8.5 to 9 million tons—the nation has had to buy a million tons a year from abroad, thus draining away $115 million of precious foreign exchange. Except for oil and a few other items, Indonesia has failed to achieve pre-war levels. More than half its rubber trees are over 35 years old and should have been replanted long ago. Fertilizer is still in scarce use, even though a fertilizer factory has recently been finished which can produce 100,000 tons a year.

OUTSIDE JAVA, there is an excess of land and a great shortage of people on the other islands. Yet the government's program of "transmigration" has been a failure; only 40,000 families have migrated to other islands. Land re-

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form, passed in 1960, has also been a failure. Out of 8.5 million hectares a mere 69,000 have been distributed to peasants. In part this is due to the fact that landlords have hidden their lands by registering them in the names of sons, daughters, uncles and cousins. The village landlords—both absentee and non-absentee—are still powerful enough to sabotage reform. But landlordism is not really the main problem because there are few men in Java, except in the tea and rubber estates, who own more than 100 hectares. At least half the people in the villages (80 to 90 percent of the population) have no land at all, and will not be able to get an adequate allotment under any circumstances unless they migrate to other islands. The law which requires landlords to take no more than 50 percent of the crop from their tenants as rent is being widely violated—primarily because of the continuing political influence of this class.

There is no starvation in Indonesia only because the land is so fertile. Even the lowliest of peasants can pick a few bananas, plant a little casava, or gather enough coconuts to survive. Economically, however, the great mass of the nation has gained little from the revolution. Indonesia is, in fact, decades behind the development of India—even though its per capita income is only slightly behind, $65 per year as against $85. India at least has forged an infrastructure of dams, electricity, roads, steel mills, and heavy industry; Indonesia, by contrast, has done very little in this area.

The situation politically is likewise confusing. After the revolt of the colonels in Sumatra in 1957-59, Sukarno fashioned his "guided democracy." He outlawed the large socialist and Masjumi (Moslem) parties because they would not accept his thesis and put many of their leaders, including Sutan Sjahrir, the veteran socialist and former prime minister, under benevolent detention. The 28 parties that existed at that time and which quarreled so incessantly that there were 17 cabinets in a few years, have been whittled down to ten parties. To achieve recognition the present political organizations not only had to agree to guided democracy but had to solicit 150,000 signatures and prove they had viable organizations in most of the provinces.

Under guided democracy the ten parties still conduct polemics amongst themselves, but they must not criticize the fundamentals of Sukarno's philosophy and they are required to give "positive" answers to each problem rather than dwell on negative propaganda. There is virtually no right to strike, except on occasion against foreign firms. The newspapers are required to print only the news they receive from the official news agency, Antara, though they write their own editorials and sometimes carry bits of local news that is not included in the Antara text.

There have been no elections since the mid-1950's. The members of parliament, the People's Consultative Council, and the 79-man cabinet, are all Sukarno appointees. This is obviously not a democracy in the Western sense. Yet it is not quite as dire as it sounds, and if it is discriminatory the only functioning group discriminated against is the PKI (Communists). PKI has only one official and two ex-officio members in the entire cabinet—presumably because of pressure by the military and Sukarno's own fears. The other parties have a fair degree of representation—Murba (a national Communist movement that has no ties with either Moscow or Peking), PNI and Partindo (nationalist parties) as well as the Moslem, Protestant, and Catholic parties.

Corruption is still an omnipresent phenomenon. To buy a second-class railroad ticket requires a payoff, as does application for electricity facilities or a telephone. According to a competent government source, at least $200 million a year is escaping abroad through a vast black market and through import-export manipulations.

BUT BIZARRE as all this seems to the Western mind it is not quite as bleak as it appears.

Even Sukarno's opponents—both in and out of jail—admit the old decentralized system of government could not work. When Mohammed Hatta, former vice-president and of equal stature to Sukarno in the 1940's and 1950's, tried to form a government in the mid-1950's he found it impossible to consolidate a team out of the divergent and disputatious parties.

In the "hinterlands" there were constant rebellions by dissident groups that demanded autonomy for their islands. From 1945 to 1950 the Indonesians were engaged in warfare with the Dutch to win their sovereignty. From 1950 to 1962 they confronted a dozen internal rebellions in West Java, in the South Moluccas, in South Sulawesi (Celebes), in Atjeh, in Sumatra and North Sulawesi. Until 1962 there was no internal security; the fires that smoldered during the war against Holland, when there were innumerable private and dissident armies, broke out periodically into rebellion. And a decentralized and ineffective government was unable to cope with it.

Even Sjahrir and other opponents of guided democracy conceded something had to be done. The opponents believed Indonesia might right its course by moving to a strong presidential system (like the American or French), with a Congress that played a subordinate role. They admitted Sukarno addressed himself to the right problem, though they felt he could have given an answer other than "guidance." These critics—democratic socialists and others who are friendlier to the West than the present leadership—also agreed with Sukarno that Western influence must be extirpated from Southeast Asia. But while Sukarno meets the issue with threats of force, and what is called "confrontation" (training guerrillas and volunteers), they believed that something might be achieved through negotiations with the West.

Who is right or wrong in this strategical dispute only history will tell. But there is no question that Sukarno has concerned himself with the problems that his whole nation —103 million strong—believes to be pertinent and decisive. It is easy for us, with our Western placidity, to place ourselves outside the context of Indonesian life and to make

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snide comparisons with our own democracy. It is significant that in one form or another dozens of developing nations are also embarked on "guided democracy"—Guinea, Ghana, Tanganyika, Burma, Algeria, even Malaysia, to mention only a few. In a country where only 5 percent could read and write before the revolution, where the Dutch failed to train an administrative class of civil servants, where there were only 150 native doctors and ten economists, and where there was not a single university for Indonesians prior to liberation, some strong hand at the till was a necessity. And Sukarno's hand, far from being totalitarian, has actually been benign. There is virtually no instance where his opponents have been executed. Even the colonels who rebelled in Sumatra a few years ago are now amnestied and running around free. The number of political prisoners, though unknown, is counted in dozens or hundreds, but no more. Included in Sukarno's cabinet are many men, like Chairul Saleh, a deputy prime minister, who fought him bitterly in the past—as well as the Communist party (PKI).

As Sukarno sees guided democracy, it is a process of incorporating all the actual tendencies in his society into a government that must resolve its differences by ancient Indonesian principles rooted deep in history—*gotong royong* (mutual assistance), *musjawarah* (mutual discussion), and *mufakat* (consensus decision, very much like the American Quakers use). Strange as this sounds it does work, and has for centuries. In every village the peasants help each other build homes on the principle of *gotong royong,* and they are long accustomed to the principles of cooperation and mutualism.

Sukarno has gathered into his coalition most of the elements which actually have influence in society—the Communists, who control the largest unions and peasant organizations, the religious groups, the nationalists and the military. He operates on the theory of balancing one force against another. At the moment the two main contending forces are the PKI, led by D. N. Aidit, and the military, led by Generals Nasution and Yani. Each presumably prevents the other from executing a coup d'etat. But there are counterbalances of many other types as well. Should the Communists ever make a quick thrust for power Sukarno would not only call on the army but would doubtless re-legalize the Masjumi and Socialist groups as well as rely on Murba and the various nationalist forces. To say that Sukarno has become a captive of the Communists, as many western sources do, is naive. He fought them too long and too hard in the past to fall prey to their present adulation, and by all accounts he is far too sophisticated to be beguiled. The Communists, of course, ride Sukarno's coattails. Their political criticism is always prefaced by a laudatory reference to the President and then a polemic against "reactionaries" who are impeding his—the President's—program. Though they are primarily pro-Chinese in the Moscow-Peking dispute, the Aidit followers actually are operating on the Moscow thesis of popular front. Whether they can follow this course to power is highly problematical. The piquant question asked by John L. Lewis a long time ago about American Communists in the CIO: "Who gets the bird, the hunter or the dog?" applies to Indonesia with equal or greater force.

THE ECONOMIC situation too is not as bleak as appears on the surface. Western economists were predicting collapse of the economy five years ago, but it has not—and probably will not—collapse. The factories may be operating only part-time, but industrial production is less than a tenth the total national product. Oil, the main export commodity, is actually increasing its yield. Two-thirds of Indonesia lives outside the money economy entirely. These peasants will be able to scratch out a subsistence living for a long time to come—and they are still highly patriotic and revolutionary-conscious. We asked a peasant in the village of Tiragas whether he would fight to "crush Malaysia," and his eyes lit up. He was dull on what to do about inflation or land reform implementation, but he was absolutely clear on the long-term purposes of the nationalist revolution to remove Western influence from Southeast Asia.

Indonesia is an incredibly rich land, surpassed—it is believed—only by Russia and the United States in potential resources. It is greatly endowed with mineral resources (iron, copper, bauxite, manganese, gold, silver, industrial diamonds)—most of it untapped. It is a potential gold mine of rice, rubber, sugar, sisal, coffee, tea, tobacco, spices, forest products. Its volcanic ash soil is enormously fertile. The Indonesian leaders know that whenever they put their mind to it they can solve their economic problem easily. Their country, as a whole, is vastly underpopulated. They can steal a march on both China and India with relatively little effort, once they concentrate on economics.

For the present, however, Sukarno and his friends feel

J. EDGAR SIMMONS

LIGHT EVERLASTING

God's light is love, is all
Subjects for all poems—
Light on speckled fins
Of fishes, silvered, rainbowed;
Light of love's eyes and lashes,
Sunlight storming sleep's eyes,
Winter's light pearling
The shrouded skies;
All lightning, leaves in blue flight,
Broadway shows, bantam cocks
And the white face of death,
The streaking dawn,
The white crack of buds
In spring announcing
Light and life everlasting.

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the major effort must be political. British, Dutch, and American influence must be driven out of the area. The campaign against West Irian was part of this overall purpose. So was the concomitant seizure of all Dutch holdings (once valued at $2 billion). So is the campaign now against Malaysia—the so-called "confrontation." Sukarno is convinced—and with good reason, if one studies recent history objectively—that the West will not rest until it can re-establish a strong economic foothold in Indonesia. He accuses Britain of supplying arms to rebels in Celebes who fought the regime, and the American CIA of supporting the colonels in Sumatra. Whether we like it or not, both charges have validity.

When Britain forced through an artificial Malaysia by incorporating the colonies of Sarawak and Sabah with Singapore and Malaya, the Indonesians were convinced they were doing it merely to give the conservative, British tool, Tunku Abdul Rahman, domination of the whole area. Like the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland this was to be a base for continued major influence by the "white imperial ist." Here again, fact is blurred by prejudice, for the means by which Sarawak and Sabah "decided" to join the federation leave very much to be desired. More properly they were bludgeoned into it while innumerable popular leaders in both colonies were in jail. The United Nations, it is true, later did a small survey to adjudge the feelings of the native peoples, but even American sources both in Indonesia and Singapore have grave misgivings about this "poll."

After three and a half centuries of foreign rule, Sukarno feels he can afford to spend a few more years fighting the remnants of colonialism and neo-colonialism. He is sure of the support of his people in this even though its living standards are so low. On this as well as other points the Western mind goes astray: How can people, surviving on $65 a year, put aside their dreams of a better life for vague political aims such as "crushing Malaysia"? But the fact is the Indonesian citizen *feels* better off than ever in the past. Politically, he feels he has won the right to fight for himself, against the landlord and other wealthy classes. Culturally, he is making significant progress. There was only 5 percent literacy in the past; there is now 50 to 60 percent. Millions of children are in school who would not be under the old imperial system. Where there were no universities for the native people there are now twenty-seven. Strides are being made against disease. A few dams and factories are going up. Even the show-piece roads in Jakarta, stadia for the Asian games, various monuments and murals—that must have cost fortunes which could have been used for economic development—stir more local pride than anger. Actually, Indonesians regard Sukarno as a great revolutionary, a modern combination of Washington and Jefferson.

SUKARNO'S GOALS in Malaysia are vague. It is more than likely that if the parties agree to a referendum in Sarawak and Sabah (total population about 1.3 million), and if they should vote for independence rather than Malaysia (as is most likely), Sukarno will turn his agitation against Britain's military bases in Singapore.

But Indonesia is in a revolution—and Britain, with American support—stands astride the footpaths of that revolution. Like the Americans of 1800 who sought to drive Spain from their hemisphere, the Indonesians of 1964 will not rest until they remove that obstacle—Western power. They will postpone economic development as long as the revolutionary fervor of their masses continues. And it is useless for Westerners to judge Indonesia in the mechanistic terms of "aggression" or by the adjectives slung at Sukarno, rather than by this simple fact.

The West can close its eyes to this revolutionary reality, only at the peril of seeing Malaysia turned into another Vietnam. But in Southeast Asia the odds are in Indonesia's favor, not the West's. It will have the support of the Afro-Asian community, as well as China and Russia. And it is too big and too fervid to be converted into a colony or neo-colony once again. The Indonesian revolution is like the French Revolution; it believes it must extirpate neo-colonialism everywhere in its area or wither. The Western choice is really a limited one, to understand and come to terms with this expanding revolution, rather than—obliquely—to try and circumscribe it.

Even from the viewpoint of power politics this would be a better strategy than the present one because when Indonesia—the fifth most populous nation in the world—does achieve its objective, it will then be face-to-face with China, challenging it for the allegiance of the peoples of Asia. Such a non-aligned Indonesia, guided democracy or not, would be far preferable for the West than a hostile one that breaks all ties. And contrary to the thinking of writers back in America or Europe, there are many Western experts here who share this view.

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MARTIN

FLIGHT OF THE HARBINGERS

What voice is this, so soft in
The dark? What running beneath
The dawn's lost stars leads to the
Farthest hills of the north where
Sentinel breezes arrest
The swift escape, bearing it
With kindness to me? Swirl of
Feathered things it is, come as
Harbingers of a season,
Now leaping the floral groves
In bright clappings of wings that
Leave the last traces of night
Dripping melodiously
With cold plashes of water
And hooting of settled birds.

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Music as protest

JAZZ AND RACE

NAT HENTOFF

CHARLES MINGUS, a bass virtuoso, a band leader, an explosively original composer and a Negro, came off the bandstand one night a few weeks ago at a club on New York's lower East Side. As he passed the bar, a Negro considerably darker than Mingus said to him scornfully, "Man, you're not black enough to play the blues."

The fact that Mingus himself bristles with pride in being Negro and the fact that he has often claimed that only Negroes can play authentic jazz had not impressed his critic. The incident, however, represents a diminishing phenomenon in contemporary jazz. There are, to be sure, musicians and listeners who continue to insist that jazz will always be a specifically Negro language, but they appear to be proportionately fewer than they were ten and fifteen years ago. Trumpeter-leader Miles Davis speaks for the majority when he points out, "I don't care if a man has green hair and purple skin. All I care about is whether he can play."

Although musicians are increasingly being judged by their peers on musical ability without regard to skin color, it is also true that both whites and Negroes in jazz remain conscious of the fact that practically every major innovator in the music has been Negro. In the past, however, this predominance of black originality was often ascribed to a quasi-mystical, innate Negro superiority in jazz—an American adaptation of the concept of *negritude*. Now, more and more players explain Negro pace-setting in the music by environmental factors. "After all," says cornetist Nat Adderley, "I heard different music in church than whites did and we had different records on the jukeboxes in our neighborhood. It figures then that we'd have a head start—that is, those of us with musical capacity."

Elaborating on this viewpoint, Cecil Taylor, an avant-garde pianist and composer, speaks of jazz as part of what Ralph Ellison has called "the Negro American style." The music, Taylor emphasizes, comes out of a way of life and a way of looking at life. "Jazz," he adds by way of illustration, "is not only the way Billie Holiday sang but the way she'd pronounce certain words. It's the way certain people walk. It's the way Duke Ellington pats his foot when he's playing. Sure, it comes out of the experience of the Negro in America—the way he feels, the way he brings those feelings into music."

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As more white players have become familiar with that Negro subculture, a growing percentage of black jazzmen have conceded that whites have a place in the music. Dizzy Gillespie, while asserting that Negro predominance in jazz will not end until the society is really and thoroughly integrated, does admit the presence now of white jazzmen of substance. "We're not the only ones who swing, baby," he emphasizes.

"Back in the 1920's," Duke Ellington said recently, "I tried to convince Fletcher Henderson that we ought to call what we were doing 'Negro music.' Then we'd have had something to hang onto and we wouldn't have been caught up in the semantic nonsense about what jazz is. By now, however, the music is so integrated that you can't tell one part from the other, so far as color is concerned."

WHILE, therefore, there have not yet been towering white innovators, the young white apprentice today is considerably less likely to have as distinctively "white" a sound as did Bix Beiderbecke and Frankie Trumbauer in the 1920's. For years, Negro musicians insisted they could tell from a recording whether a player was white or Negro. Some still say they can. But others are no longer so sure. One Negro held on to his conviction that he could always tell the difference until he heard a white trumpeter a few months ago in a primarily Negro unit. "For the first time," he admitted, "there was no way for me to distinguish by color—without looking."

Among the jazz avant-garde particularly, color difference is becoming less and less conspicuous. In the older traditions, there continue to be styles which Negroes have monopolized—the kind of earthy, urban blues singing represented by Ray Charles and B. B. King; the fiercely driving tenor saxophone-organ sound and beat common to local clubs in Negro neighborhoods; and the fading, quasi-gospel "soul" jazz which grew up in the middle and late 1950's to counter the then popular but lukewarm, predominantly white "west coast jazz."

The avant-garde experimenters in what is loosely termed the "new thing" integrate, however, with comparative ease. Here too the innovators are Negro—alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman, pianist Cecil Taylor, composer George Russell, tenor saxophonist John Coltrane, among them. But increasingly there are white sidemen who win the full respect of most of their black contemporaries—bassists Charlie Haden and Steve Swallow, pianist Paul Bley and trombonist Roswell Rudd.

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A spur to interracial unity among the avant-garde is the unprecedentedly bleak economic situation for the newer players. Never before in jazz history has it been so difficult for non-established performers to get a chance to work in public; and there is a resultant feeling of communality—with some exceptions—among all colors in the avant-garde as against the apathetic outside world. When the New York experimental jazz community decided to hold its own four-day "October Revolution in Jazz" at an obscure West Side night club this past fall, the program was fully integrated, as was the audience. And a new Jazz Composers Guild, a nascent co-operative involving some of the same musicians, is also unselfconsciously integrated. Despairing of any help from the traditional middleman in jazz, these musicians are uniting to find their own place to play, teach and record their own albums which they will then sell by mail.

Seeing the music become more integrated, some observers have taken this as a sign that jazz is no longer grounded in protest. Actually, explicit protest was rare in jazz until the past twenty years. Some blues lyrics did indeed speak of prejudice or of class anger (like Bessie Smith's *Poor Man's Blues* and the later, more sophisticated *Deep South Suite* of Duke Ellington); but there was relatively little programmatic protest in jazz. The particular "cry" of jazz—that thrust of rhythm and "dues-paying" sound endemic to all the best jazz from the music's beginnings—was regarded by some writers as being in itself protest. And so it was, but it was seldom protest on a wholly conscious level.

In the 1940's, however, a major change took place, first in the language of jazz and then in the attitudes of jazz musicians. Such Negro innovators as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk considerably expanded and complicated the jazz idiom. As the music became more challenging, its practitioners (the early "boppers") had less and less patience with the old-time function of the jazzman as provider of background music for dancing, talking, drinking and courting. He demanded that he be listened to with respect and full attention; and when that respect was not forthcoming, he often literally turned his back on the audience and blew into the wall.

As John Lewis, musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, has summarized the basic alteration of attitude: "This revolution, or whatever you want to call it, in the 1940's took place for many reasons, and not only for musical reasons. . . . For the younger musicians this was the way to react against the attitude that Negroes were supposed to entertain people. The new attitude of these young Negroes was: 'Either you listen to me on the basis of what I actually do or forget it'." There were white sidemen among these Negroes, and they took their cue from the black militants.

THE "PROTEST" elements in this new jazz were also not at first programmatic. But, in addition to the stance of the players, the music itself clearly reflected a refusal to compromise for commercial considerations and more basically, a pride in being a modern jazz musician as well as in being black. Thelonious Monk, for instance, has never written a "protest" piece and in private conversation, he seldom focuses on such subjects as the civil rights struggle. His jazz, however, with its sources in Negro church music, the Harlem "stride" style of piano and Duke Ellington, vividly reflects an assertive pride of heritage. The same is true of the otherwise musically disparate Miles Davis and John Coltrane. Neither makes speeches on prejudice in their music, but their jazz speaks from a position of strength in their self-images as creators who do not have to—and will not—grin for the white man.

Meanwhile, there were other jazzmen who did incorporate specific protest themes in their jazz. Starting in the 1950's, a significant number of new originals were given the names of African countries and occasionally of African independence slogans. Domestic racial conflict also began to figure in the music of Charles Mingus *(Faubus Fables, Prayer for Passive Resistance)*; Art Blakey *(Freedom Rider)* and Max Roach *(We Insist: The Freedom Now Suite)*. The latter, recorded for the Candid label, recieved an imprimatur of effectiveness by being banned from South Africa.

Jazzmen, moreover, began to speak out on civil rights and perform for the cause. Previously, with very few exceptions, most jazz musicians avoided taking controversial stands. But by the end of the 1950's, even Louis Armstrong was publicly criticizing President Eisenhower for his slowness in enforcing school integration in the South. The usually taciturn Count Basie joined a picket line, and more and more of the younger players refused to play the South at all. For a time there was a small amount of black nationalist expression among modern jazzmen. Abbey Lincoln (Mrs. Max Roach and a compelling jazz singer) was one of the leaders of a black nationalist demonstration at the United Nations on the death of Lumumba. And Roach recorded an affectionate original, *Garvey's Ghost*, in tribute to Marcus Garvey, a precursor in a way of Elijah Muhammad.

There was also a brief flurry of conversion to Islam (not Elijah Muhammad's Nation of Islam but orthodox Mohammedanism). Some jazz players adopted Arabic names and declared they considered themselves only nominal Americans. A few still bear those names, but conversions to Islam have nearly stopped.

Anger and determination to help "the movement" do remain. Dizzy Gillespie frequently performs for fund raising events in the civil rights field as do many other jazzmen. Gillespie, moreover, conducted a Presidential campaign in 1964 which was, of course, for kicks but which also led to a Los Angeles press conference in which the candidate declared: "The real issue of civil rights is not the idea of discrimination in itself but the system that led to the discrimination. Such as the schools—the teaching in the schools. They don't teach the kids about the dignity of *all* men everywhere." The concept of a jazzman making this kind of a statement—let alone attracting a sizable press representation to hear it—would have seemed utterly fanciful thirty years ago.

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SINCE jazz is the full expression of the man playing, it is clear that modern jazz is more grounded in protest than ever before. It is not so much such obvious works as *Faubus Fables* which prove this contention, but rather the changed personality of the jazzman. Gillespie's repertory contains hardly any music *labeled* social criticism; but his very bearing on the stand and the clarity with which he fuses vintage Negro blues and elements of African music in some of his work make his position evident. Gillespie does nothing as crude as Woody Guthrie's affixing of a sign to his guitar in the late 1930's that read "This machine fights for freedom." But Gillespie, like other modern jazzmen, does stand and play as a man who is secure in his own dignity and will not suffer that dignity to be chipped—either by a cop or by a drunken member of an audience.

The avant-garde, however, goes even farther in its stance of protest in both its music and its attempts to get that music heard. More and more of its participants, white and black, express hostility not only to discrimination but to majority American values. In conversation, many of them tend to sound like Paul Goodman and a few have begun to regard their music in a way none of the older players—even Gillespie and Miles Davis—have.

In an interview I did with him in *Down Beat*, Cecil Taylor told of the enormously re-energizing experience he had of working regularly for seven weeks in Denmark a couple of years ago after exceedingly long stretches of unemployment here. Taylor described the effect of being able to communicate to a highly responsive audience as a "metamorphosis." It was, he added, like "living on a different plane. I found I had so much more energy—both on and off the stand—than I had imagined. If we could do this in America, we'd be able to operate at maximum capability on all levels. We could begin to think more clearly with regard to political action, for instance. We'd be able to think in terms of what we could contribute to the community on all levels—not just the level of a musician. The artist, if he were working at what he wants to do in public, could become an engaged part of the community. And because the artist is so close to reality, he would be able—in language the community could understand—to spell out exactly what his work is about and how it relates to them. How it comes out of perhaps the same problems they're struggling with."

The new breed of jazzmen, therefore, is beginning to transcend race but is angrier than ever at blandness, societal constrictions and what Paul Goodman has termed the "compulsory mis-education" of his potential audience. Charles Mingus, for instance, talks of getting funds to play on the streets for children. And another avante-garde player agrees: "We've got to get them young before they get twisted out of the capacity to hear what we're saying."

The evolution of jazz continues; and as fascinating as that evolution is in terms of the music, equally absorbing is the way in which the jazz player is changing. The next decade of jazz should be the most unpredictable yet—for all shades of its practitioners.

NO GNUS IS GOOD GNUS

THE SCREEN

IT HARDLY seems possible that a year has raced by since I selected my Ten Best for 1963. In any case, it's time to play the Ten Best game again; and a game it is—with capricious rules as to the "ten" and the "best" and the personality of the selector. But the game is fun, for the reviewer who can get as personal as he likes in his choices, and for the reader who may agree or disagree with the list but who at least knows where the reviewer stands and what to expect from him in the future. That there are so few American films on my list does not indicate an anti-Hollywood bias. I wish there were more. But perhaps it does indicate that nationality labels are becoming more and more difficult to pin down. There are many contributors to every movie, and in the present scheme of things, films are made all over the globe by makers from all over the globe. Chauvinism is out. I am glad to report, however, and this is a purely personal preference, that in spite of the Flippers and Rhinos and iguanas and Disney's cats and dogs, there were fewer animal pictures in 1964. This is a definite step forward, and so were some of the "best" pictures. Here then in my list, not arranged in order of preference except for the first item which I think is the best best.

Becket. Magnificently photographed in color, this screen version of Anouilh's play was better than the original and successfully caught the spirit of the friendship and conflict between a saintly churchman and his king. Peter Glenville's direction, the story, the spectacle, and the acting were outstanding. Peter O'Toole was fine as impetuous Henry, but Richard Burton was great as Becket, especially in the sinner-into-saint transition.

The World of Henry Orient. Nicely directed by George Roy Hill, this delightful movie about two teenage girls romping around New York until they are sobered by a brush with evil was both amusing and poignant, and provided the kind of comedy seen too seldom on our screens.

The Fire Within. Telling a kind of Scott Fitzgeraldian story, this extraordinary (and strangely neglected) French film followed a suicide-bent, thirtyish Peter Pan in his efforts to recapture his fun-loving past. Well-directed by Louis Malle, Maurice Ronet gave a stirring performance as the aging but immature waster who sadly searched for answers from his old friends in a beautifully-photographed Paris.

World Without Sun. Perhaps the most beautiful film of the year, this documentary made by Jacques-Yves Cousteau while on an expedition under the Red Sea had a poetic quality not often captured by movies; and it further succeeded in displaying Cousteau's Oceanauts as lively personalities though not as pretty as the incredibly exquisite fish.

Seance on a Wet Afternoon. Certainly the scariest film

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of the year, this excursion into the occult was enhanced by the brilliant performances of Kim Stanley, as a medium, and Richard Attenborough, as her mousy husband, and the first-rate cinema of Bryan Forbes.

My Fair Lady. In spite of occasional staginess, this film, made from the famous theatrical hit, is a hit too. And everyone connected with it deserves credit, much of which should extend back to the original. But it is a movie, and a good one with an excellent cast headed by Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison—who is an even better than he was on the stage.

Behold a Pale Horse. Recounting a complex story of man's inhumanity to man and God, producer-director Fred Zinnemann made this into a thoughtful and exciting movie about Spaniards and post-Civil-War Spain. Among its many assets were a good cast and some stunning black-and-white photography.

The Luck of Ginger Coffey. This excellent film version of Brian Moore's novel about the rocky marriage of a no-longer-young couple was handsomely photographed in Montreal and had the impeccable performances of Robert Shaw as the impractical but charming Irish husband and Mary Ure as his devoted but fed-up wife. Depressing it was, but hauntingly real.

The Silence. In telling the story of two sisters and their cruelties to themselves and each other, Ingmar Bergman shocked his viewers into considering what happens when God's creatures turn their backs on God and He responds with silence. In spite of its first-rate cinema, it proved the most baffling and controversial of the Bergman puzzles.

The Fiances. Even better than Ermanno Olmi's first film, his second told an imaginative tale about a long-engaged couple whose love actually blossomed when they were separated. Mingling past and present, combining poetry and realism, this unusual film proved a cinematic gem whose values were appreciated only by movie buffs and discriminating audiences.

That's the ten. I could easily have added others: *The Night of the Iguana, The Organizer, The Finest Hours, Point of Order, That Man From Rio, Seven Days in May* and a few more. But the game insists on *ten* Best. No doubt, since everyman considers himself a movie critic, every reader will have his own list. I hope so: that's what makes the game livelier. But please, no pictures with gnus.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

SLOW DANCE

THE STAGE

IF YOU wanted to write a palpably major play—if "powerful, taut, deeply serious" are the kind of epithets you covet—and if at the moment you had nothing in particular to write about—you might very well wind up with a play like "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground" to your credit.

"Slow," as we might call it here for convenience, is surely the majorest new play since Sidney Brustein's window opened: majorer in fact, because the themes are so powerful, the language is so taut, the author is so deeply serious. It concerns life and death and family relations, things we all feel deeply concerned about, and it faces them squarely and unflinchingly. It is not for the squeamish.

Write an artificial play and you get an artificial review. Since William Hanley can probably do better, it is to be hoped that he recognizes the tinny quality of the praise he has been getting. Conspicuous power always elicits these little gasps of admiration: but it doesn't wear well.

Mr. Hanley started his career as a one-act playwright, and he seems to have encountered some of the same difficulties as Edward Albee in trying to stretch himself to three. He sets an interesting stage (one-act playwrights can do this almost in their sleep), but then is faced with those trackless wastes of development that three-act playwrights must stumble through somehow. His solution, like Albee's in "Virginia Woolf," is to have each of his characters recite his own case history in the form of traumatic anecdotes, and hopes that the anecdotes can be linked together finally in the shape of a play.

The trouble with this method is that it is likely to lead to a series of recitations, rather than a dramatic event. The characters do not interact with each other sufficiently to produce an objective happening. Let me illustrate the difficulty in terms of a concrete historical situation.

King John says to the barons: "Before I met you fellows, such and such happened to me, and I guess that's why I'm here, more or less. But, come to think of it, you've been acting pretty strangely too, so what's the story on that?" The barons reply in kind, giving a sociological or Freudian account of themselves, baring their teeth every now and then, but otherwise having as little to do with John as possible—the scene might be interesting enough as static commentary: but any action that results from it (the signing of a piece of paper, say) is going to seem melodramatic in the extreme, because politics, interaction, the what-have-you-to-do-with-me element is missing.

And that's how it is with "Slow." Three unrelated characters are spliced together; they talk (how they talk); there are spasms of dramatic action, grappling for pistols, etc. (as the character reading King John might try to snatch the paper, to liven our little recitation); the case histories run parallel like trolley cars, never meeting, even at the junction. ("Meeting you has certainly changed my life," says King John, glancing one more time in the mirror.)

The sterile second-best hope, if you are stuck with a play in this mode, is to draw meaningful parallels among the case-histories; if the characters cannot connect, perhaps their anecdotal selves can. If one has been a father and one has been a son, the audience can say we have seen a

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father and son. An arid solution, but a possible one.

But Mr. Hanley's anecdotes are themselves too tritely melodramatic. The characters in them are as unreal, as archetypal as the characters on the stage. Character 1A tells about mother 3B. Standard daughter with standard parents wants to abort standard baby. Psychiatric textbooks have taken a terrible toll on our playwrights in this respect: mothers, fathers, sons, daughters have become virtually interchangeable as dramatic counters. If I'm a bad father and you're a bad son, then we have committed practically the same offense—Let us atone together.

And so to the last act of "Slow." This is where the author has stored his most powerful writing—and embarrassingly, it fails to work. One of the characters (bad son) holds a mock-trial of another character (bad father) and finds him guilty; shoots him in head with empty pistol. The trial is sonorous, quasi-powerful; but it is basically just one cliché condemning another; son-type shooting empty weapon at father-figure. Like the equally ineffective exorcism-scene at the end of "Virginia Woolf," it is drama conjured out of nothing. The obvious reason for this flatness is that the two characters have not yet made the kind of contact with each other that might have sullied the purity of their banality. In action, they might have come to unsymmetrical, unpredictable life—as Albee's characters come to life at least when they hate each other. Hanley's characters do indeed talk to or at each other, and adopt attitudes about each other—but ultimately they have no dramatic effect on each other; their mechanisms are self-winding. (Exception: the central character, Clarence Williams III, talks so much that he goads the others into talking too much too: and this at least sets the anecdotes in motion.)

I see that I still haven't said anything about the plot: maybe it's for the best. The three actors are pretty good, especially Mr. Williams, although all doomed by the nature of three-character plays to seem awfully long-winded at times. It speaks well for Mr. Hanley's liveness that his trumped-up play and his thin ideas (they're *killers* out there, there's no hiding place, etc.) seldom pall, but seem quite often like bits of something much better. (*At the Plymouth.*)

WILFRID SHEED

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

OF NOTE

AMONG those Protestant scholars who have devoted special attention to the relationship of Church and State, Dr. Franklin H. Littell has occupied a prominent place. In an address given to the Twentieth Anniversary Banquet of the Pittsburgh Chapter of the American Jewish Committee on May 24, 1964, Dr. Littell addressed himself to the subject of religious liberty. A revised version of that address was printed in the Fall, 1964, issue of the *Journal of Ecumenical Studies* (Duquesne University Press, Pittsburgh, Penna., $6 per year). A substantial portion of that revised address follows:

It is our right to Religious Liberty that makes healthy relations between persons of different faiths possible. Thus the First Amendment is a great religious blessing, as well as a political one, and it makes true "dialogue" possible. Coercion in matters religious muffles the voice and deafens the ear and drops a mask of dissimulation over the open face of truth. The extraordinary progress of recent years in interreligious understanding and cooperation has been possible because each citizen enjoys the protection of the law in matters religious, and because we are beginning to emerge from our respective ghettos. Our rights were not created by government, nor were they instituted by the Bill of Rights: they were "prior" (logically, not chronologically) to the frame of government itself, and given by the Author of order Himself.

It is the separation of the political covenant from the religious covenants which makes it possible for great Catholic and Jewish and Protestant communities to dwell together in unity—and for the first time in human history. The true basis of social unity is not agreement, but mutual concern. If my neighbor disagrees with me, but we share a common destiny, we can meet to speak and listen until enough light is given for us to live, side by side. If one of us has opted out of the social contract, however, we may by coincidence agree at many points—but the basic principle of cohesion will be missing. That is, incidentally, the real line of distinction between the honest conservative and the nihilist of the radical right. The conservative, like the liberal, knows that we learn by a good discussion: the radical rightist, like the orthodox communist, is proletarianized (i.e., *in* the society, but not *of* it). Many societies have been rent asunder by the effort to enforce a confessional or credal uniformity: only fairly recently have we come to perceive that the true cement of social existence is not an outward facade of uniformity but an inward principle—the willing affirmation of Brotherhood.

In the process of implementing an important political discovery—some say the most important constitutional contribution of the Americans—we are also learning something fundamental about highgrade religion. The Religious Liberty which is our heritage not only secures a government free of ecclesiastical conspiracies and cabals: It also opens the way for high level religious commitment, for church and synagogue to fulfill their high calling.

A most serious internal attack on our liberties is the assault on the First Amendment raging at this very moment. The House of Representatives has been subjected to enormous pressure from a small but highly disciplined coalition of religious and political groups of the radical right, led by such stalwarts of the spiritual underworld as Gerald L. K. Smith,

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Carl McIntire and Governor George Wallace. Members of the national legislature, which has no business dealing with religion at all, are threatened with retaliation at the polls if they do not rebuke the Supreme Court and open the way to political coercion in matters religious. If this attack succeeds, as it may unless defenders of our liberties arise in greater number, we shall have taken a backward leap toward coerced religion, hypocritical formalities and inter-religious strife. Constitutionally speaking, we shall have retrogressed to the situation where our basic liberties are subject to the whim of legislative bodies instead of being reserved to the people and placed under the protection of the courts.

The American radical right did not invent the misuse of religion, of course: they are following in a path thoroughly engineered and laid out by the massive totalitarian movements which preceded them. It is instructive to study the Nazi program for the "final solution" to the "Christian problem," a program initiated in the re-settled Warthegau and projected for the homeland after victory. Recently published documents show that that Nazi program and the new legal code governing religion in Communist East Germany (the D.D.R.—*Deutsche Demokratische Republik*) agree in the identical two-pronged attack on high-grade religion:

1. *Religion-in-general* is to be put to use, in a "non-sectarian" and "positive" way, to shore up and bless the interests and values of the party in power;
2. *The churches,* as historic communities of faith, are to be driven back into the corner of purely individual and familial affairs and made to concentrate on the pigmy world of private piety.

"Non-sectarian religion" *(postives Christentum),* enforced as a public cult to sustain a certain way of life—whether *das deutsche Volkswesen* or "the American way of life" or "the Southern way of life" (all of which present the same theological problem), is the pet of the totalitarian movements. On the other hand, concrete communities of faith with real historic commitments are depreciated and denounced. "Why don't the preachers stay out of politics?" is the challenge constantly printed in the Nazis' *Völkische Beobachter,* the Communists' *Neues Deutschland* and Carl McIntire's *New Reformation Newsletter.* Religion-in-general is offensive to any practicing Catholic, Jew or Protestant: "tokenism" is even more contemptible in the encounter with religion than it is with race. An honest atheism may be far more biblical in intensity and dimension, and as such more fitting of the Lord's blessing, than a casual show of cultic formalities.

The *curse* of the twentieth century has been the rise of totalitarian movements, Nazi and Communist and American Nativist, which manipulate religion for heathen ends and *destroy all true liberty of commitment.* The *tragedy* of the twentieth century is that millions of church members have betrayed their baptism, apostatized, receded to mere tribal religion. This is the reason why the race issue is the "moment of truth" for our churches and synagogues. And here we meet the true significance of anti-Semitism: The Gentiles can become heathen again, but the Jew cannot. Whether he is personally a believer or not, by his very existence the Jew is a reminder of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—who is also the God of the Christian, if he stays faithful. Under totalitarian pressure or temptation, the Christian can betray his baptism and take on protective coloration; but the Jew, by and large, cannot.

This is the real secret of anti-Semitism. Totalitarian movements are always covertly or overtly anti-Semitic, and the pressure of anti-Semitic tendencies is the quickest way to identify the spiritual and political rottenness which may become demonic. Judaism and Christianity are so mysteriously locked together in history that in this murderous age million of Jews have had to suffer and die for what the Christians would have died for had they remained Christian. The importance of the play "The Deputy," whatever its technical imperfections, is precisely that it exposes in a vivid way the Christians' betrayal of the Lord of History. One of the benefits of the Christian-Jewish dialogue is to impress upon the "sons of the stranger" that they are also "escaped of the nations, that they now are "spiritual Semites," and that reversion to the status of mere Gentiles is the path to destruction and death.

The creative alternative to imposed religion is not indifference, but voluntary commitment. And it is here that a great deal of confusion obtains, even among men of good will, as to the style of our Religious Liberty. We are in danger of having the public opinion polarized between two equally false myths about the history of religion in America —both of them destructive of voluntary religion.

One myth, by far the most popular one among those who want to go back to imaginary "good old days," is the notion that the "Founding Fathers" created a "Christian America" —and that it can be kept such by the correct use of public formalities and political coercion. The opposite myth, current among the intellectuals, is the notion that the "Founding Fathers" erected a high wall of separation between church and state—and that the more completely religion can be driven out of public life, the more freedom we shall enjoy. Both of these mythical constructs are contrary to historical evidence and false to the genius of the American experiment in Religious Liberty. Each of them leads to ideological politics, which is the worst kind of politics there is—whether cast in "religious" or anti-clerical form. To be precise, neither the state-church mentality of the Christian Amendment Foundation nor the vicious Anti-Catholicism of Protestants and Other Americans United (POAU) strengthens our liberties or furthers the dialogue. We shall not grow in inter-religious amity and cooperation by misrepresenting our fathers or lying about our neighbors.

For two hundred years the leaders of American life did in fact attempt to create a Christian commonwealth, using the devices then known in Christendom: legislation, administrative decrees, persecution of noncomformists. But their

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efforts failed, for the methods were wrong: men will no longer be coerced in religion when they attain sufficient literacy and sense of liberty to make their own choices. With the raising of the standard of religious liberty, in the First Amendment and in Virginia's Great Bill of Religious Freedom which preceded it, the state-church methods which had been used for so long were repudiated in America. The fathers of the Constitution dared a very radical political proposition, one scoffed at by European churchmen and doubted by many Americans: that men could be good fellow-citizens without going to the same church. In short, they separated the political from the religious covenants, and thereby opened the way to the improvement of both. What must be insisted, though, is that this constitutional action had enormous religious import as well: the fathers of Religious Liberty—a principle distinguished both in quality and in style from mere toleration—had come to understand that the service only is pleasing to God which is voluntary and uncoerced.

The second myth, that an absolute wall of separation was erected which removes the churches and synagogues from public life and policy, is just as retrogressive as the first. As a matter of fact, it derives historically from the first, for one of the legitimate fruits of state-church coercion is a militant anti-clericalism. American friends of liberty have generally had a pronounced sympathy for those sensitive consciences who in the old world of churchly intolerance and coercion went over to fighting opposition to "Christendom." And quite rightly so: for the autocratic state-church systems of the Protestant states before the enlightenment, of Russian Orthodoxy before the Revolution, and of Catholic Spain today, have been an offense to high-level religion as well as political liberty. But the anti-clerical ideologues are out of place in America, where church membership, attendance and support are voluntary, and where "opinion in matters of religion shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect civil capacities."

The voluntary system has succeeded far beyond the expectations of its most enthusiastic advocates. Church membership has been brought in this country from about 7 percent in 1800 to about 70 percent today with 96 percent of all Americans fourteen years of age and older claiming religious affiliation. This stands in sensational contrast to the religious situation in Europe, where the established churches claim the whole population, but from one-quarter to one-third of the people are in open rebellion against Christianity. If they are in a "post-Christian era," we are not. Potentially, at least, our greatest years are yet to come. . . .

It is . . . at the level which Catholic and Protestant discuss under the rubric "lay training," that our liberty must be validated by responsible performance. We are far too feeble in maintaining the standards of thought and action which we constantly profess. We have a religious obligation to vie with each other in the pursuit of excellence, in the raising up of those communities of faith which will prove their case by quality of service. The way of the knife and the sword, the way of coercion by political legislation, has been closed to us by the Constitution—however much some retrogressive leaders and groups may still strive to undermine our Religious Liberty and corrupt our due process of law by ill-conceived legislation or the misdirected enthusiasm of bigoted mobs.

The public schools must be kept free of any confessional thrust which does violence to the consciences of any of our families. And we foreswear "non-sectarian religion" for its lack of historic integrity. We refuse to coerce our neighbors because we have learned a higher style of religious performance. But we intend that within our own ranks—with all charity, in honor preferring one another—we shall achieve a level of voluntary internal discipline worthy of the sons of the covenant, fitting to those so privileged and blessed by the All Highest. For us, Religious Liberty is an active thing: not the occasional and stubborn resistance when our own interests are affected, but the constant dedication to justice, righteousness and mercy which are the active fruits of hearts devoted to the Law of God.

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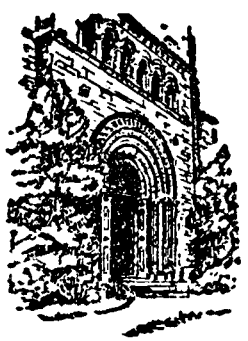

Prospective students should make early application

SISTER MARY JEREMY, O.P.

THE SLEEP OF BOAZ

(After Victor Hugo)

The Moabite all myrrh and ivory
low at his feet desires an arcane light
to stream upon her from his luminous dream.
The night is nuptial: winds fresh with asphodel
flow from Galgala: august shadows enter.
A wing-shaped evanescent blue ascends in
the roofless garner and descends benignly.
The breath of Boaz merges with the solemn
low sound of water over moss. Leaves enlarge.
The oldest hills have lilies on their summits,
pastures are steeped in dew, herds vaguely murmur.
The vault of heaven distills a vast compassion;
it is the peaceful hours when the lions drink.
The royal star unfolds: the tree of life takes root.

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BOOKS

An autobiography of one who was 'reborn of the uprising'

Vive Moi

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

Little, Brown, $6.75

PADRAIC COLUM

AS I READ "Vive Moi" the thought came to me that only a writer trained as a novelist can write a readable biography: he knows how to arrange incidents so as to make a narrative, delineate character, integrate scenery in his story. This is done in Sean O'Faolain's autobiography. He takes us from a street in Cork through which the bells of Shandon vibrate, to a school where the pupils are under the under-privileged that Americans know, to Cork's University College, to Boston's Harvard and the American West, to literary London, to the Dublin of Yeats, sharing with us his experience of the Gaelic League and the Irish Republican Army.

Of course an autobiographer must have something else besides a gift for narrative: he must be able to give us a convincing impression of himself. The writer of "Vive Moi" has done this. No doubt he has his reticences, but he is frank enough about himself, his family and friends, his native city. And over and above there is in his book a quality which distinguishes it from autobiographies written by Irish writers in the past forty years—a devil-may-careness that makes it a peculiarly Irish life story.

Other autobiographers have given outside readers a feeling of rapport with the movement that under different names was indeed an Irish revival—the enthusiastic effort to make Gaelic a vernacular, the creation of the Irish Volunteers that became the Irish Republican Army, the struggle through guerrilla warfare. Sean O'Casey did it in one of the early volumes of his autobiographical series: but O'Casey's version, beginning in the tenements of a capital, is not so close to the older layers of national tradition as O'Faolain's, which begins in the big market town that is called the City of Cork and is close to the storied Valley of Desmond. And O'Casey was committed to a working-class movement —this and the fact that he was a Protestant made his nationalism argumentative.

Here is a passage that will be read by elders in Ireland with profound nostalgia—"We proved to be a company of about twenty or thirty men and women, youths and girls, all as lighthearted as children. Their gaiety was something I have never experienced before or since. The women and girls shared rooms in the house. The men slept in the dry stone loft which had been turned for the summer into a simple dormitory. We ate in separate sittings, about ten at a time, at the long table in the dining room, and we always ate well. We spoke only Irish, often asking for a word or a phrase, or a correct pronunciation from the more practiced. We had come from all parts of Ireland. There were clerks, students, craftsmen, carpenters, masons, an electrical engineer. Two, who were more serious than the rest of us, had been in the Rising in Dublin . . . all of us were reborn of the Rising and all that led to it, so that the language acted both as a matrix to the tissues of our political faith and as its sign and password. Our zeal to speak Irish bound us into a community, a new, glowing, persecuted, or about-to-be persecuted, political sect. . . . In groups we spent the livelong days together.

Is that romantic enterprise now spent? Sean O'Faolain writes: "Nowadays the learning of Irish has lost its magical power to bid hearts together. It has lost its symbolism, is no longer a mystiqúe." He goes on to say, "For there has been, meanwhile, a shift of ambition. Then we foresaw the new Ireland as a rich flowering of the old Ireland, with all its simple ways, pieties, values, traditions. . . . The younger men, proud to be called hard-headed men, indifferent to or even despising those traditional ways, now want a modernized country, industrialization, economic success."

"Vive Moi" can be read as a confession of faith in the Ireland of to-day, and that by a man who survived the disillusionment that followed the fratricidal struggle brought on by the refusal of a minority to accept the Treaty signed by the Irish plenipotentaries in London and accepted by a small majority of Dail Eireann. He was making a career for himself in the United States when he and his wife, Eileen, made a decision to take part in the life of their homeland. The decision is made memorable to readers by the evocation of the scene in which it is made. They were camping in the Rockies at the time.

"As we talked I suddenly became aware that, by a trick of the light, a last cut-off peak seemed to stand up quite bare and quite alone across the plateau beneath us. The vast range had otherwise withdrawn itself like mountains in a vision; there was not a soul in sight; the dusk was absolutely silent. . . . And it wasn't in the least bit impressive—because if these mountains had associations we did not know them; if history—that is, if some sort of purposeful life other than that of missionaries and explorers, ever trod the vastness—it had left no vibrations for either of us."

It is this psychic revelation, now and again experienced by persons in a landscape remote from their consciousness, that made Sean and Eileen O'Faolain resolve to return to the life of their own country. "We belonged to an old, small, intimate and much-trodden country, where every field, every path, every ruin had its memories, where every last corner had its story. We decided we could only live in Europe and in Ireland. The next morning we started on the first leg of the long voyage home."

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He would make his career in Ireland by writing. But where could he discover his subject-matter? This is a real problem for an Irish writer who wants to reach an outside audience—an Irish audience is too limited to give a writer a living. But where to get a subject matter and how to find a style that transcended his topography? Henry James misled him with his talk about the accumulation of history and custom. Edward, his good friend and friendly critic, wanted him to be Balzacian. It was Yeats who told him what to do. " 'I want,' I said incoherently, to Yeats, 'to be able to do something different, with pins stuck on human maps, or with birdsmen flying around on leashes.' He intoned or moaned, in his vatic voice, his delicate right hand slightly raised as if to give the papal *urbi et orbi* blessing. 'You must write yourself into yourself. There is no other way.' " Sean O'Faolain has done or is doing this. He is a novelist. He is unlike other Irish novelists who in their hearts want to be poets or dramatists. He is a novelist who knows the great English, Russian, French novelists and who has put what he knows and what he has learned into his writing of which "Vive Moi" is a luminous specimen.

Varieties of Unbelief

MARTIN E. MARTY

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5

THOMAS MERTON

THIS IS an urbane, soft-spoken, well-documented study which refuses to serve as a primer for inquisitors or minor prophets. Nor does it indulge in the hand-wringing anguish of a Christianity that admits, with a sob, that God is indeed dead and then proceeds, by means that are seldom effective or even honest, to tease the godless mind with religious questions.

In spite of the conviction prevalent among certain Catholics that outspoken godlessness is both rampant and official in the United States, Dr. Marty does not grapple with the monster of systematic atheism. He does not conceive this to be the main American problem. He is more concerned by the real unbelief of apparent believers. He examines the religious vacuum in which a variety of obscure superstitions and neuroses amalgamate with the clichés of technology and nationalism to produce a curious half-formulated creed, claiming the support of official and churchly institutions, making occasional and expedient appeals to Christ, the Gospel and Christian ethics, and calling down wrath upon those who rock this "religious" boat.

His chief purpose is to meditate upon the way "unbelief is institutionalized and present as a more or less permanent cultural phenomenon" in American religion. He meditates, he does not denounce. His meditation is nourished above all by considerations of the *originality* of modern unbelief. In order to do this he has to stand back and view his subject (as he does in his early chapters) in the context of European unbelief which is something more radical than ours. America has yet to produce a prophet of godlessness as articulately disillusioned as Sartre. After all, there can be no serious comparison between the vaudeville platitudes of Ingersoll and the savagely well-aimed intuitions of Nietszche.

The unbelief of modern man is not the refusal to listen to a God Who speaks. It is a subjectively sincere and total lack of interest in the very idea of a God Who speaks, together with a conviction that such a concept can only be a pretext for "bad faith." Modern unbelief is an earnest desire for a complete and integral secularity, a forthright worldliness, but without the solid comforts of middle-class spirituality. Indeed, it demands a frank refusal of all spiritual security in any religious system, or in any personal surrender to to the Absolute. It is a cool and often bored acceptance of the awful autonomy by which man can indeed make or destroy himself, but in which he is not summoned by anyone to do anything special. His chief problem is in guessing how life is to have a meaning.

We recognize here the voice of Sartre and the existentialists, who are certainly atheists all the way, and know it, and proclaim it. These are not the unbelievers Dr. Marty finds in our American Churches. Far from it. Statistically, the vast majority of Americans claim some religious belief, or at least refuse to identify themselves openly as unbelievers. And they are doubtless sincere. They have faith, and in fact they may be "true believers" with all that this expression, since Hoffer's book on the subject, has come to imply. They persist in invoking the God Who is the guarantee of the security they seek, or seem to enjoy, the spiritual and material comfort of their lives. They do not invoke a God Who speaks or makes demands, but a God Who simply accounts for the rightness and perpetuity of certain material benefits.

What in fact do they believe in? In success, prosperity, know-how, effort, having fun. Do they have a religious ideology? Yes, it centers around concepts of romantic individualism, nationalism, progress, and a hope which claims to be Christian, sanctioned by certain supposedly Christian ethical norms and cult patterns. Even though "heaven" may provide a comfortable background of myth, this "Christianity" is built on vaguely pragmatic securities, on flimsy and sentimental images, and on the tepid reassurances provided by conformity and togetherness in this world. Here, in the midst of our earnest and comfortable orthodoxy, Dr. Marty detects the "nearness of unbelief" and sees that it is quite different from the "weak faith" that we may sometimes be inclined to call it.

In a word, Dr. Marty suggests that what passes for Christian faith among many Americans is perhaps less respectable, intellectually and spiritually, than the concerned atheism of those whose unbelief implies the courageous assumption of loneliness, dread and risk. Certainly a Christianity that claims to obey God when in fact it is obeying only the imperatives of a marketing and affluent society, must certainly be written off as "bad faith."

The phenomenology of this particular kind of unbelief is exposed in such detail, and its varieties are spread out

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in so many neatly identified categories, secular and religious, that the reader tends to lose his sense of direction, and when he puts the book down he is not altogether clear what conclusion he has reached. Perhaps this muting and tempering of conclusions is deliberate. Such a study could easily be harsh, indeed furious. But the author has elected to avoid prophetism and stick to the more acceptable tone of objective sociology, content with the hope that the reader will not remain insensitive to the book's prophetic undertones.

One might be tempted to ask if this is an age in which prophecy can afford to be spoken only in undertones: but one is brought up short by the deafening clamor of so many who claim to be prophets that in the end one must accept the wisdom with which Dr. Marty prefers to keep his doors open to civilized dialogue.

It must be admitted that the book quietly and devastatingly makes a few really dreadful points about American religion—but Dr. Marty never departs from that tolerance and openness which, though they may seem to permit a certain religious and moral inauthenticity among us, remain nevertheless a genuine source of hope for the rational dialogue which alone can help us find our way as Christians in the world of the future.

It is certain that much in our supposed Christianity is in fact a deplorable cult of idols. But the itch for crusading which makes itself felt precisely in those areas where Christianity is most inflamed with fundamentalism and integralism offers no real hope of a corrective. On the contrary, Dr. Marty perceives very wisely that the more vociferous ecstasies of some of our Christians, both Protestant and Catholic, may proceed from the fact that their lives have been informed by nationalism more than by faith.

Carleton Hayes has assured us that the "syncretism of nationalism and Christianity is strikingly noticeable in the United States," and Dr. Marty adds: "Nationalism can produce an ecstasy which few other idolatries can." Christianity today, when it is not suppressed outright by the state, tends to assume an "adjectival" relation to the state. A "Christian nationalist" is one whose Christianity takes second place, and serves to justify a patriotism in whose eyes the nation can do no wrong. In such a case, it becomes "Christian faith" and "Christian heroism" to renounce even one's Christian protest and to obey the dictates of the (unchristian) Nation without question. Instead of that Christian independence which realizes that the Nation itself may come under the higher judgment of God, there arises the notion of a "Christian" obedience in which the faithful are urged to accept the national purpose as the justification of any and every means. They renounce all judgment and choice in order to follow secular authority blindly since "the Government knows best."

Thus when Christianity becomes subordinated to a practical cult of one's nation, one's society or one's secular way of life, and when religion becomes indissolubly wedded in fact to a totalist social structure (even one that still aspires to be called democratic) it happens that the secular society itself assumes the functions of a Church mediating between God and man, to such a point that the pastors themselves tend to look to the state as a font of divine decisions in the practical order. All dissent in the civil sphere thereby automatically becomes a religious betrayal and a spiritual apostasy.

The great question then is one of clarification. We can no longer afford to equate faith with the acceptance of myths about our nation, our society, or our technology; to equate hope with a naive confidence in our image of ourselves as the good guys against whom all the villains in the world are leagued in conspiracy; to equate love with a mindlessly compliant togetherness, a dimly lived and semi-radiant compulsiveness in work and play, invested by commercial artists with an aura of spurious joy.

What matters however is not simply to set conformity over against dissent, to call the one evil and the other good, and be satisfied with that. The perspectives of Dr. Marty's book are wider. He sees that the job of the dissenter is not merely to accuse, to upbraid and to condemn, but, after showing the need for spiritual awakening and constructive analysis, to break open the way to dialogue and keep it open.

Nova Express

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

Grove Press, $5

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

WILLIAM BURROUGHS' popular reputation dates back only about two years. At that time Mary McCarthy and Norman Mailer proclaimed his talent in a moment of intemperate enthusiasm and Burroughs' most famous book, *Naked Lunch*, was subsequently published in this country in the general lapse of censorship restrictions. Burroughs' first book had appeared some ten years earlier under the pseudonym William Lee. This was entitled *Junk* and is now available in a paperback edition called *Junkie* under Burroughs' own name.

Junk is a more or less journalistic account of the experiences of a drug addict. It rises, however, considerably above the general literary level of sensational *exposé*. It is an authentically macabre vision of Hell and the flat literalism of the writing makes it more appalling in some ways than Burroughs' later accounts of the same material.

The Hell of *Junk* is the Hell of utter obsession, the despair of realizing that you are no longer a creature of your own volition but the automaton victim of a parasite called heroin—or any of a dozen other names. The ultimate horror, of course, is the abject affection that binds you to the power that is destroying you. No doubt the addict is on some level seeking that destruction, as the record of detoxification and relapse in the pathology would indicate. It is a flirtation with death that ends too often with complete seduction.

No one has given a more scarifying picture of addiction than Burroughs in *Junk*. It is not the world of gangsters

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or De Quincey dreams or screaming melodramatics but of hall bedrooms and pickpockets and "meets" with a connection at the Automat. The effect is far more deadly because the putative glamor of crime and the euphoria of pipe-dreams just isn't there. It is conning shady doctors, trying to make do on cough medicines, dirty bars, and the apathetic camaraderie of the fellow-damned. It is the junkie in the jail cell, rubbing his hands together grimly and smiling at the terror the next few days will bring: "There are going to be some damn sick dope fiends in here." It is the world of hospitals and the grey emptiness of a "cure," and the inevitable encounter with a junkie friend who can fix you up. It is not a "good kick," it is the fatal fascination of the habit itself.

Naked Lunch might be called a second version of Burroughs' earlier book, but it is something else again, and something more. It belongs to what might be called the Literature of Phantasmagoria, a genre that runs throughout the history of literature and sacred writings, beginning, say, with *Revelation* and culminating in Joyce or Burroughs. It appears as a purple accompaniment to the staider voices of each literary period. It is the voice of the possessed, be they prophets or blasphemers.

Naked Lunch is the *Revelation* of an irreligious world. Its apocalyptic vision is more than the raving of a mind distraught by drugs. It is a terrible book in the true sense of the word. Even its humor and its pornography are streaked with blood and terror. It is a book that many people, quite rightly, turn from with disgust at the grotesqueness or falsity of its vision—and the not unreasonable assumption that it comes from a brain deranged by drugs. But it is not possible to dismiss it as mere pathology. It is a "serious" book for all its surface wise-cracking and toughness; it is serious in that it is a total vision of man in the universe, an existentialist attempt to extract meaning from total horror. Successful or not, it remains literarily impressive.

Nova Express might be called the third version of Burroughs' book. Burroughs' career to date might be paralleled to Joyce's, with the early, fairly literal experimentation in both cases, then *Ulysses* vs. *Naked Lunch*, and finally Burroughs' descent into the Ur-Language of *Finnegans Wake* in *Nova Express*. Unfortunately, the parallel develops into a parody, especially in this latest work of Burroughs'. It is a truly soporific book in a much more deadly way than Joyce's book of night-thoughts. One is tempted to say that *Nova Express* is pure junk. It has moved into the limbo of incoherent mutterings. *Nova Express* is a book for beatniks, a sort of in-group madness. It is not a message to mankind, but a message to Tompkins Square.

Burroughs says of the power of junk that it enables him to stare at the toe of his shoe for eight hours without moving, and that is probably the only feasible way of approaching *Nova Express*. Get coked to the gills and stare at the cover for eight hours. The book might well serve as a text for a lesson entitled the Banality of Drugs. It makes dope addiction sound like a real bore, and it may even have some therapeutic effect in that direction.

"The purpose of my writing," Burroughs says, "is to expose and arrest Nova Criminals. In *Naked Lunch*, *Soft Machine* and *Nova Express* I show who they are and what they are doing and what they will do if they are not arrested. Minutes to go. Souls rotten from their orgasm drugs, flesh shuddering from their nova ovens, prisoners of the earth to *come out*. With your help we can occupy the Reality Studio and retake their universe of Fear Death and Monopoly—(Signed) Inspector J. Lee, Nova Police."

There follow some two hundred pages of this pseudo-science-fiction gibberish. Sympathetic reviewers have already pointed out that there are striking lines in the book and this is quite true in the sense that there are striking lines in an overheard telephone conversation or a collection of automatic writings. But they float disembodied in a viscous distillation of nonsense. The book is written in what Burroughs calls "the Brion Gysin cut-up method," which consists of interlarding the text with lines or half-lines from other books (Kafka, et al.). The fatuity of this joke palls quickly.

Burroughs says that many years ago, when he was still a young man, he realized after a few futile attempts at acceptability that he was never going to be "one of the boys." But it is apparent that he never abandoned the ambition, which worked itself out in subterranean ways. He wanted to be accepted on some level, and he found it. Unfortunately, the independent talent which expressed itself so powerfully in *Naked Lunch* has become, in *Nova Express*, the silliness of extreme hipsterism. He's one of the boys now, their Peerless Leader for what it's worth, and it's not a position easy to retreat from. The Brion Gysin cut-up method may get a laugh from the boys but it's no substitute for talent, or for suffering.

MEMOIRS: 1921-1941

ILYA EHRENBURG

World, $6.95

BERNARD BERGONZI

THROUGHOUT this long and informative book, Ilya Ehrenburg remains, for the most part, a writer of memoirs rather than of autobiography; he busily records the events in a crowded twenty-year stretch in his public life as novelist, poet and journalist, at home in literary circles in half a dozen western capitals as well as in Russia, and rather rarely attempts to examine his experiences in depth or to trace the larger dominant patterns in his life, in the way that characterizes the writer of the full-scale autobiography.

Ehrenburg has a retentive memory, which he supplements with liberal extracts from his notebooks and newspaper articles, and his year-by-year account of the twenties and thirties is remarkably detailed, starting in 1921 amongst Russian émigrés in hysterical, inflation-ridden Berlin, then moving to the Soviet Union in the mid-twenties,

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where Ehrenburg began to achieve literary eminence. In the thirties he became *Izvestia* correspondent in Paris, and saw action in Spain as war correspondent and propagandist for the Soviet cause; in 1940 he was caught in Paris when the Germans marched in, but during that period of uneasy Russo-German rapprochement he was allowed to return to Russia with a Soviet Embassy party; this volume of Ehrenburg's memoirs ends on June 22, 1941, the day of the German attack on Russia.

In the earlier parts of his book Ehrenburg's assiduous and unselective recording of his professional and social life produces a certain intermittent tedium: the pages are dense with the names of the innumerable Russian writers with whom Ehrenburg was friendly, and the uninstructed Western reader has to grasp thankfully at those few recurring names that became internationally famous: Babel, Yesenin, Pasternak.

Ehrenburg's narrative of the 1930's is substantially more absorbing: the pattern he is reluctant to discover in his life is here imposed from the outside, by History; at times, Ehrenburg's career as a busy journalist, hastening from one trouble-spot to another—in 1934 he travelled direct from a Paris shaken by the Stavisky riots to Vienna, where the Dollfuss government had just finished bombarding the workers' flats—makes him faintly like the hero of some pretentious novel dealing with the Agony of Europe in the thirties.

Undoubtedly, the climax of Ehrenburg's book comes with his account of the Spanish War: those years have often been described, but Ehrenburg manages to give a fresh impression of things that have already passed into the mythology of recent history: the resolute indiscipline of the Anarchist bands in the early days of the war, the siege of Madrid, the final bitter retreat of the remnants of the Republican army into France in the early days of 1939. In Madrid, Ehrenburg became friendly with Hemingway, a fellow war-correspondent, who was one of his two principal idols amongst contemporary authors—the other was Isaac Babel.

It is in his account of the years from 1936 to 1938 that Ehrenburg is most personal, and comes closest to a degree of poignancy; coupled with the increasing realization that the Republican (and Communist) cause in Spain was not going to win, there came Ehrenburg's shocked awareness, on a visit back to Moscow in 1937, of what Stalin's terror had been doing to his friends. Very many of them had disappeared, and it was as well not to ask too many questions. The accepted phrase was that X "had been taken." About this time a Republican offensive captured Teruel, and Ehrenburg records a sick joke that circulated among Moscow intellectuals: "'Have you heard the news? They've taken Teruel.' 'Oh, and what about his wife?'" Fresh from the battle, he did not find it funny.

Beyond this sense of shock, Ehrenburg is muted in his comments on a period that must have been unspeakably painful for him. He refers to the terror as the "abuse of power," and says that he will save his comments on Stalin for a subsequent volume. But he is under no illusions about the arbitrariness of his survival: "A young writer, who in 1938 was five years old, said to me recently: 'May I ask you something? How was it that you survived?' What could I say? Only what I have just written: 'I shall never know.' If I were religious, I should very probably have said that the ways of God are inscrutable. I said at the very beginning of these memoirs that I lived in times when the fate of a man was not like a game of chess but like a lottery."

Ehrenburg, far more than most Western writers, has been conscious of the direct and violent impact of History. Unlike many of the conditioned hacks of the Soviet literary bureaucracy, he possesses what a Western reader would recognize as a genuine literary sensibility: at the Congress of Soviet Writers in 1934, Ehrenburg made an impassioned speech in favor of intellectual freedom and the integrity of the artist, as against the demands of a mechanical, propagandist "socialist realism," and he states that although his views on other topics may have changed, that speech still represents his opinions about literature.

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Indeed, a British or American reader may find that in some senses Ehrenburg takes himself with rather excessive seriousness as a writer: this, of course, is in the Continental tradition of the dedicated man-of-letters.

And yet at the moments of greatest tension that he records in his book, he seems to have deliberately declined to make an authentic literary response. There is a certain evasiveness in his comments on his sufferings, both private and public, of the late thirties that is disappointing, and makes these memoirs less penetrating than one would expect or hope from such a packed life and such an interesting intelligence. Granted, present-day Soviet society is still of a kind that may enforce certain reticences on Ehrenburg, and he acknowledges that, whatever principles he may have asserted at the 1934 Congress, in practice he over-emphasized the ideological content of much of his fiction.

Many of Ehrenburg's fundamental attitudes are, as I have suggested, only ambiguously indicated by this book: possibly they will become clearer in its successor. But it shows clearly how Ehrenburg, a loyal Soviet citizen and a believer in the Communist ideal—with a belief that did not falter under the worse excesses of the "abuse of power"—was at the same time an instinctive European, who could speak to the West in its own language and did not try to conceal his debt to Western literature. This much is very apparent from Ehrenburg's memoirs, and it underlines the simplest and yet the most remarkable of all his achievements: the mere fact of his survival.

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REVIEWERS

PADRAIC COLUM *is the well-known poet and dramatist.*

THOMAS MERTON *is the author of* Emblems of a Season of Fury *(New Directions).*

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH, *a free-lance writer and critic, is a frequent contributor.*

BERNARD BERGONZI *teaches English at Brandeis. He is the author of the forthcoming book,* Heroes' Twilight.

CORRESPONDENCE

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(Continued from page 467)

guistics. Certain students are excused from many classes in order to make possible more research and creative scholarship on their part.

Neither students nor faculty think we now have the ideal seminary. We still see many areas for further experimentation. Perhaps in the future the last years of training men who are to be active priests and not monks will be given within regular universities. There would be maximum freedom within some necessary framework of community life, in which both the Church and the candidates could make a reasoned judgment about suitability for the priesthood. The men would have been tested realistically and not in a hothouse environment.

MICHAEL J. FONTE, M.M.
WILLIAM J. MCINTIRE, M.M.
STEPHEN R. WOOD, M.M.

"The Economics of Aid"

Pullman, Wash.

TO THE EDITORS: Father Arthur McCormack's article on "The Economics of Aid" [Nov. 13] correctly emphasizes our ability and duty to do more than we have to assist underdeveloped countries, the complexity of the problem, the importance of technical assistance, and some of the ways in which these countries' own institutions and policies thwart their economic growth. Unfortunately, at places the analysis falters, and the long-run result of his chief proposal would further burden the world's poor.

This is a projected international agreement to raise and maintain the prices of the more important commodities which the underdeveloped countries export to the world. A less promising approach would be hard to devise. The structure of prices may do one of two things: it may afford compensations that elicit a high level of balanced growth; alternatively, it may apportion equitably such goods as are produced. Particularly on the world scene, a structure of prices cannot be

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relied upon to do both.

To be sure, there are ways in which law and custom might be modified so that prices that promote the second end also would tend to promote the first. One such way is the worldwide dissemination and use of the best technical knowledge. Another is the removal of all man-made barriers to the movement of goods and people. Today's world is far from a condition in which a price structure that promotes an equitable distribution of income can be counted on to promote production. In the light of the scarcity of goods and the fast-growing world population, the great majority of economists opt for prices that encourage production, to be supplemented by other institutions to make a fairer distribution of the output.

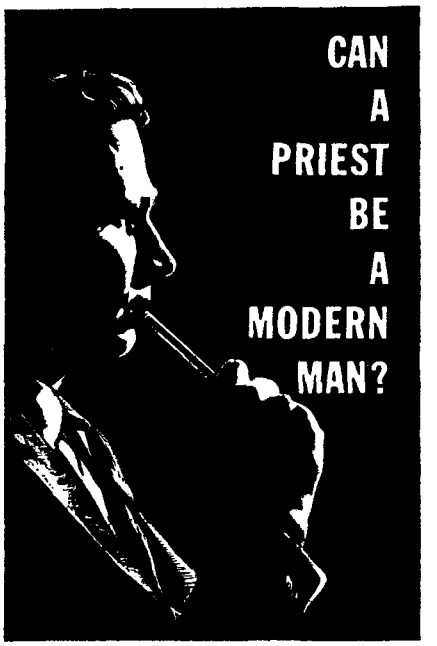
Father McCormack would have a point if the decline in world commodity prices had been the work of conspiracies in the more fortunate nations. But this is not the case. The price declines have reflected improvements in technology and in some instances an exceptional expansion of production by developing nations. Without rigorous restraints on output, the pegging of commodity prices at higher levels will lead to unsalable surpluses created with resources that might have produced other goods. With effective curbs on production of the price-pegged commodities, the importing nations will be stimulated to curtail consumption and to search for substitutes. A constriction of the economic opportunities of the underdeveloped nations is inevitable, and to an increasing degree they will be required to turn to the production of goods for which they are less well adapted, and for which world prices afford them small compensation.

In purporting to put in perspective India's losses from changes in the structure of world prices, Father McCormack refers to only one source from which India draws economic aid, and this a minor one. He ignores the United States' disproportionate contribution to the cost of defending the free world, and nearly a billion dollars of aid extended yearly under Public Law 480. He speaks of our gross national output as though it represented net income, failing to note that much of it merely replaces capital goods which have worn out or represents the cost of training workers to replace those newly retired or deceased, and that several billion dollars called "income" is the cost of transporting workers and shoppers between their homes and the places where goods and services are created. Nor is our space program a sop to national pride, as Father McCormack infers, but an effort to develop the technology which soon will be essential to the security of God-fearing people the world over.

Of course we can afford to extend more aid, and we should do so. But the under-developed nations have limited capacity to turn additional aid to their long-term advantage. Peasants unready for the idea that a relationship exists between their methods of tillage and the size of their crops will not shortly be turned into productive farmers. An educated elite that refuses to soil its hands or to reside in rural areas contributes little to the transformation of agriculture. Father McCormack chooses to describe the missing ingredient as "will." Technical missions supported by the people of the United States can contribute something to surmounting the problem, but under the most favorable auspices the solution will come slowly. A sudden burst of world output that would lay the spectre of overpopulation is exceedingly unlikely. Must the opportunity of many hundreds of millions to escape a life of privation and suffering hinge on a slender hope?

Finally, Father McCormack seems to imply that only recently have economists recognized a moral imperative to help the poor. I hope that this is not his view. Many, possibly most, of our teachers and our teachers' teachers were drawn to the study of economics by a lively concern for the poor. In many instances they have dedicated exceptional talents to an obscure and poorly recompensed vocation for this reason alone.

FRANK J. KOTTKE
Professor of Economics
Washington State University



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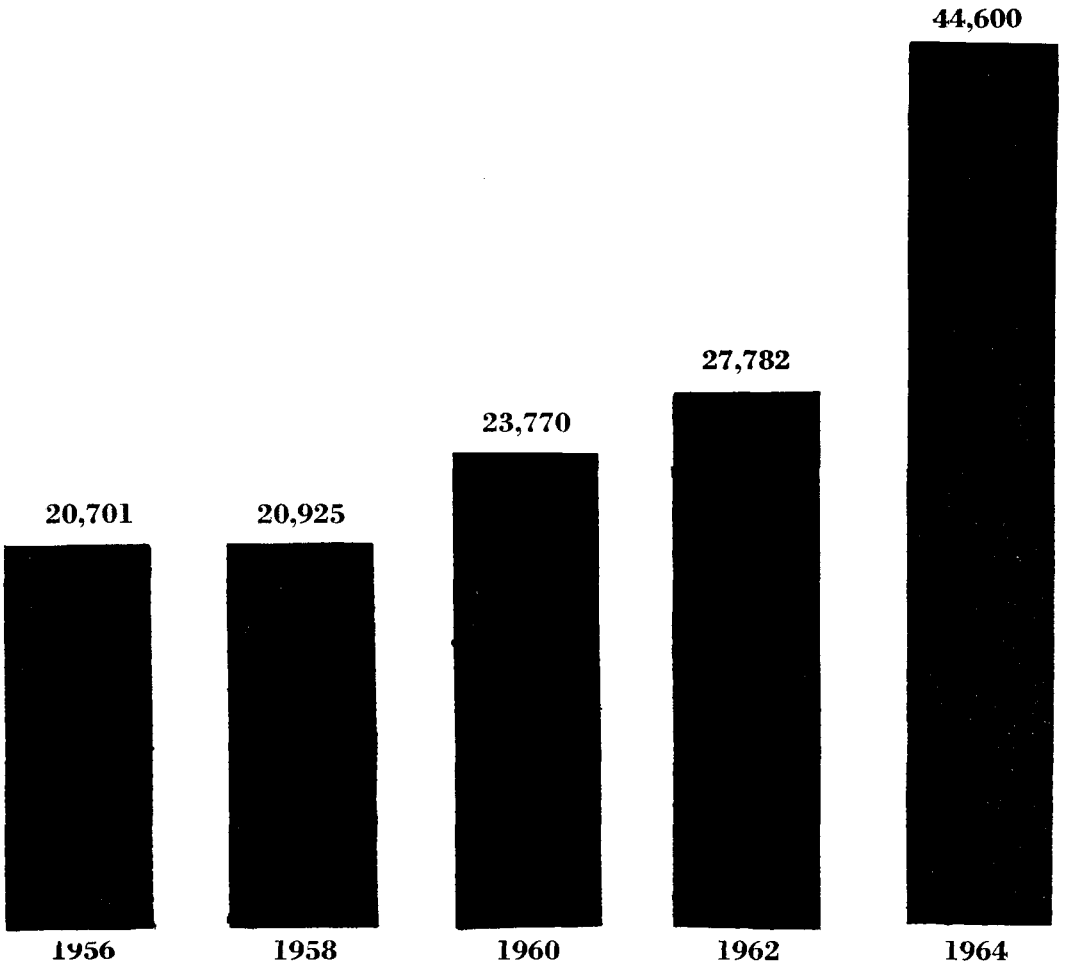

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